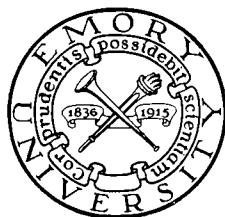


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OLD NICK:

A

SATIRICAL STORY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

A PIECE OF FAMILY BIOGRAPHY, &c.

Δίδωσιν ὁ Θεὸς παίζειν.

JULIANI IMPER. CÆSARES.

THE SENSE OF RIDICULE IS GIVEN US, AND MAY BE
LAWFULLY USED.

DR. JOHNSON.

VOL. II.

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OLD NICK:

A SATIRICAL STORY.

C H A P. I.

Barclay's behaviour in the maid's room.—Mrs. Pawlet roused from her trance.—What system of Dr. Hunter's she had pursued.—Her intended experiment on the cook.—Barclay introduced.—Her conduct on the occasion.—The library.—The advantage derived from being removed far from the earth.—She discovers in Barclay the eccentricities of genius.

IMAGINE, now, the singular scene the cook's bed-chamber exhibited at the present moment. The cook prostrate, our

hero holding her hand in his, but standing like a statue, unconscious of what he did, Mrs. Pawlet seated on the maid's box, at the further end of the room, leaning upon her finger and thumb, in a state of perfect abstraction, and Mr. Pawlet, in his black velvet cap, by the side of Barclay, waiting anxiously to hear his opinion of the poor woman, after feeling her pulse (as he conceived) for such a length of time. A sudden groan of his patient, however, brought him to his recollection. He let her hand fall, and sunk, almost senseless, into a chair that stood near him. Joy and sorrow took possession of his mind, alternately. Joy, even to ecstasy, at meeting with the object of his heart's fondest dotage, first prevailed, and filled him with delicious thoughts of ceaseless happiness; then, sorrow, bordering on despair, to find her he loved plighted to his friend, seized on him with irresistible power,

and, banishing every joy from his breast, possessed it with the most afflicting anguish. Still would these contending passions give way to each other. Now, his love predominated, and he was all light and life; and now his friendship; then grief came over his soul, like a heavy cloud, and he was all darkness and despair. In this conflict he was torn and distracted, till, looking up, with tears starting from his eyes, and beholding Mr. Pawlet standing affectionately over him, he made an effort to recover his serenity, and to conduct himself without suspicion. He was here very much assisted by the parson, who, in the goodness of his heart, ascribing every thing to the best, and most virtuous motive, exclaimed, on observing the tears trembling in his eyes, " Bless my heart, what a tender creature? Nay, Mr. Temple, now don't let the sufferings of the poor maid affect you so. Here,"

continued he, "here comes the warm water ; I hope, and dare say, it will soon make her better."

As he uttered the last words, Barclay's whole frame shook with an indescribable sensation, and he, for the first time, raised his eyes, to gaze on one dearer to him far than peace to misery, or liberty to slaves, with fear and trembling. Penelope, however, had, for private reasons, declined the task she had apparently retired to perform, and sent her maid instead. That circumstance, added to the attention drawn from Barclay, by the care employed in administering the water to the servant, proved a very seasonable relief to him. This Sangrado remedy produced the desired effect, leaving the cook in a weak, but no longer in a dangerous state. Mr. Pawlet applauded, and thanked our hero, in the warmest manner, for the efficacious recipe he had prescribed, as well as for
I
the

the tender feeling which, he imagined, he had shown for the invalid. In the great satisfaction he felt, he could not help going to Mrs. Pawlet, and, seating himself by her on the box, he took hold of her hand, and said, in the kindest tone, "Well, my dear, this had nearly proved a very unfortunate affair, but, now, every thing is safe, and we'll think no more about it."

"No, no!" cried she, as if just having finished the investigation of some profound disquisition, "I shall think no more about it! De Rossi is wrong, and Kennicott is right. What signify so many various readings of the Hebrew text? If we have the best, that is sufficient. And, as to the Samaritan Pentateuch, and the old Syrian version, I shall print them in ———."

"My dear," interrupted the parson, "you misunderstand me, I was alluding

to the cook you physicked this morning."

"Well," said she, coolly, "is she dead?"

"No, God forbid!" he replied, "but——"

"But," added she, "if she had, it would have been nothing to me, for, metaphysically, or ontologically speaking, I should have been only *causa per accidentem*, not *causa per se*."

"Well, well," continued the parson, "it is all over now. We have saved her life, and there's an end of it."

He now proceeded to inform her of the maid's illness, and what they had done to comfort her.

"Fools, and idiots," she exclaimed; "will you always thwart me thus, in all my efforts to benefit mankind, by my searches after truth? So, I, who have studied the *materia medica*, from HIPPOCRATES down to BUCHAN; that is, from the top
to

to the bottom, of all * *physic*, am to have my operations counteracted by people even more ignorant of physic than an apothecary? You know not what you have done! You know not what the world has lost by your officiousness! My scheme had two ends for its object. In the first place, the girl (as silly girls will) complained of some indisposition, but knew not, precisely, what, or where it was. Now, in this case, I always follow the custom of old Dr. Hunter, who used to say, when he could not discover the cause of a man's sickness, "We'll try this, and we'll try that. We'll shoot into the tree, and, if any thing falls, well and good."

"My dear," said the parson, "I fear this is too commonly the practice, and in

* "From SPENCER to FLECNÖE; that is, from the top to the bottom of all poetry."

their shooting into the tree the first thing that falls is generally the patient."

"Don't interrupt me!" cried Mrs. Pawlet, hastily. "So I did; and imagining that the cook's indisposition might arise from her blood being too rich, I resolved to try an experiment on her, which, if it reduced her, would do her no harm: and that was my second end."

"You have reduced her, indeed!" said Mr. Pawlet; "but pray, what was your experiment?"

"That," continued she, "which you have frustrated. I wished to ascertain how much hiera-picra the human stomach could bear."

"Mercy on me!" ejaculated the parson to himself. "Heaven be praised that it has turned out no worse!"

The truth is, Mrs. Pawlet was aware, from the effect immediately produced on the poor cook, that she had given her too strong a dose; and now, that all was
safe,

safe, she pretended to say that she did it on purpose, and, to cover her mistake, affected to be angry at what was done to relieve her.

“ But, bless me!” cried the parson, rising, “ we are talking here without thinking of Mr. Temple. My dear, this is the gentleman recommended to you by our friend.”

“ My amanuensis ?” said she.

Mr. Pawlet nodded consent, and our hero stepping forward put his friend Keppel's letter into her hand. She now rose without uttering a word, and with great dignity, or rather stiffness (things often mistaken for each other), marched toward the door, beckoning to Barclay to follow her. He obeyed with a bow, leaving the parson and the cook, who were not deemed worthy of witnessing the first interview between two such distinguished personages.

Notwithstanding they were already two

stories high, Barclay followed his guide up a third, to a room which appeared built expressly for her convenience. The library was round, and illumined by a sky-light; the books so numerous that they not only lined the sides, but covered the floor, and formed a kind of maze which led to her seat at a large table, loaded with globes, mathematical instruments, &c. &c.

Taking her seat, and pointing to several folios that were piled on one another for Barclay's, she addressed him thus, still holding the letter in her hand unopened:

“ Though I have no great reverence, sir, for the modern Greeks, yet I hold them wise, inasmuch as they choose the summit of their houses for their place of residence. I do the same, but our motives are very different. They consider the garret as the most dignified part of the building: I esteem it only as it conduces to give
 strength

strength and elasticity to the mental powers."

"Your plan," madam, said Barclay, "is perfectly Socratic."

"Yes," she replied, smiling most uninvitingly at being able to pursue the allusion, "I would even, like that great philosopher, say, *αερόεστω* *, for like him I find that, when on the ground, my thoughts adhere to the earth, and never rise to that sublimity which I experience the moment I breathe this pure and elevated atmosphere †."

Our hero made no reply. He was en-

* *I walk the air.* ARISTOPHANES' *Clouds*.

† Dr JOHNSON in his *Rambler* makes Hypertatus say, "he that upon level ground stagnates in silence, or creeps in narrative, might, at the height of half a mile ferment into merriment, sparkle with repartee, and froth with declamation; but," he adds, "that a garret will make every man a wit, I am very far from supposing; I know there are some who would continue block-heads even on the summit of the Andes, or on the peak of Teneriffe." So do I.

tirely absorbed in thought, while she, having explained, as she believed, with great effect, the cause of her living at the top of the house, proceeded to peruse the epistle he had delivered to her from Von Hein. Having finished it, she began a very long speech, full of admiration of Barclay's learning and genius, but, above all, of his great diffidence and modesty, which his friend, she said, had particularly dwelt upon, and which she acknowledged to be the undoubted concomitants of genuine merit.

During this harangue, Barclay being wrapped up in thoughts of a very opposite nature, neither lent his ear to what was uttered, nor made any signs of attention. This one would have imagined sufficient to displease the speaker, but far other was the sentiment it inspired. Impressed with the high character she had just read, she attributed his rudeness to excess of genius or learning.

“ Ah ! ”

“ Ah !” she exclaimed, “ such is the absence of men of letters !”

Our hero caught these words, and, looking up, saw Mrs. Pawlet’s eyes, or rather eye (for both never looked at the same object), fixed upon him, with evident marks of delight. He blushed, and felt very uneasy on his seat. Perceiving this, Mrs. Pawlet said :

“ Nay, be not ashamed of these little eccentricities of genius : I am often so myself, I assure you.”

Barclay was about to make some silly excuse, when he was relieved from his embarrassment by a summons to dinner.

C H A P. II.

Containing every thing in the second chapter.

FOLLOWING Mrs. Pawlet, Barclay entered the dining-room, which was at the back of the house, and commanded a beautiful prospect of the garden. The furniture was light and elegant; the wainscot hung with various drawings of views of the neighbouring country, and the windows being stocked with geraniums, and other odorous plants, impregnated the air with their sweets and exhilarated the senses. In the middle of the room stood the dinner-table, laid for four. Penelope appeared at one of the windows as if employed in tying up some hyacinths, and Mr. Pawlet, who had made no alteration in his dress but that of exchanging
his

his black velvet cap for a neat little powdered wig, was dressing the salad as Barclay came in. The moment he saw him, he wiped his hands on the napkin, and, going up to him, he said, "Mr. Temple, I hope you will excuse my inattention to you. You found me in an awkward predicament, from which you extricated me, and I am now able to pay you all the respect your merits, independent of that of being the particular friend of Mr. Von Hein, entitle you to. Believe me, you are heartily welcome. I shall think it my fault if I see that you are unhappy: I trust you will not let me think so unworthily of myself.

Barclay made no reply to this not less sincere than kind and friendly speech, but he pressed the hand of the worthy parson between his in such a manner as amply satisfied him that his words had produced the liveliest effect.

Mr. Pawlet hastened to change the
subject,

subject, and, while Mrs. Pawlet set reading in the corner (for she never was idle for an instant), he, adverting to a common topic, asked Barclay what he thought of the room.

“ Perhaps you may not think so much of it,” continued he, “ as I do. I delight in it: it is my Pen’s taste. She furnished it as you see, making every thing herself that a female hand could accomplish. And those drawings are all her own doing; she took them from the numerous prospects that present themselves on the hill near the church.”

“ Fye, fye! my dear sir,” cried Penelope, “ how can you talk so. Nobody, I’m sure, but you, who are always too kindly partial to what I do, will think any thing of such trifles.”

This, said in a laughing manner (as she knelt by the side of the flower-pots, with her head turned round), had the most rapturous effect on Barclay. The voice
that

that saluted his ear was so soft and mellifluous, that he could scarcely believe it human; and the lovely form he contemplated was so angelic, that, added to the beauties of the place, he could not avoid exclaiming, "Enchantment—'tis all enchantment! Indeed, sir, Miss Penelope does not do herself justice in complaining of your panegyric, seeing that it falls so far short of her-desert. Truly, I cannot believe what I behold to be the work of mortal skill, but assuredly the consequence of some spell—the conjuration of some supernatural agency. These drawings are _____"

"Well," said Penelope, interrupting him and rising, "I must positively go: I can suffer this no longer."

"By no means!" cried Barclay, hastily. "I beg a thousand pardons for expressing my *unfeigned* sentiments, because they have offended." Then, catching her eye with an humble, but expressive look, he added,

added, " I will henceforth gaze with silent admiration !"

Mrs. Pawlet's thoughts were entirely devoted to her book, and the parson continued making the salad ; therefore the confusion of Penelope and our hero (which was very apparent in their countenances at this crisis) was not perceived, and the attention of the little family was soon diverted for the moment from every other circumstance by the appearance of dinner.

Mrs. Pawlet, not only because she was the mistress of the house, but because she prided herself on carving with mathematical and anatomical nicety, sat at the head of the table ; Mr. Pawlet at the bottom, Penelope on his right hand, and Barclay opposite her, to the right of Mrs. Pawlet. The situation of the young folks was peculiarly interesting to themselves. Neither could look up for an instant, but their eyes were rivetted to each other ; and the table being rather narrow, there was an absolute

solute necessity, for the sake of mutual accommodation, to mingle their feet together. We all know what nervous creatures lovers are. Think, then, of the position of things at this juncture !

Barclay was, during dinner, in a perfect state of delirium. He eat little—he said nothing ! but did he not feel something ? And did he not feast his eyes on the object before him ? None but a lover, it is true, can fancy such food ; but no mere sensual voluptuary ever enjoyed a repast half so luxurious. Here there was no satiety. *Appetite increased by what it fed upon*, and our hero must have remained at table until doom's-day if he could not have risen before he had confessed that he was satisfied. To describe the conduct and feelings of Penelope, would be to repeat what I have said of Barclay's.

Mr. and Mrs. Pawlet, on the contrary, eat with excellent stomachs, but with this difference ;

difference ; all he eat, he eat because he found it agreeable to his palate. She, however, eat scarcely any thing but to what she attached some medicinal quality. She ascribed great virtue to various sorts of vegetables, and these she would devour, even to repletion, often making herself miserably ill in her attempts, as she termed them, “to give a tone to the nerves, and to regulate and perfect the eucrasia of the human frame.”

Barclay’s taciturnity and abstinence were attributed to several causes. Mrs. Pawlet believed the first to be owing to the modesty of genius, or the abstraction of learned meditation ; and the second she conceived to be highly commendable in a philosopher ; so that when the parson pressed him to eat, Mrs. Pawlet begged he would desist. “Mr. Temple,” said she, “imitates the ancient sage, whose maxim it was, “To eat to live, and not to live to eat.”

Penelope

Penelope looked at Barclay, and could not conceal a bewitching smile, that played about her lips. Our hero returned the smile, and would willingly have joined them.

READER. Join their smiles ! How could they do that, sir !”

AUTHOR. By joining their lips, ma'am.

READER. Oh, you abominable wretch ! A pretty thing, truly, to do at the first interview.

AUTHOR. Very pretty indeed, ma'am. I should like to have done it myself ! However, he did not say so, but if he had, he would have been excusable, for he was invited to it.

READER. How ! a baggage, did she invite him to do so ?

AUTHOR. No, sweet lady, but her lips did,—as thus. Her lips were of that description, which, as clearly as it is possible for lips, unassisted by the tongue,

to speak, say, "Come and kiss me!" Perhaps, thrice venerable madam, you have never seen any of this sort, but, nevertheless, I assure you they exist. I have seen many such, and, I hope to Heaven, I shall see many more!"

Mr. Pawlet viewed Barclay's conduct in a very opposite light. His abstinence, he thought, might arise from, either the novelty of his situation, or the fatigue of travelling; and his modesty, he believed, to be the effect of the misfortunes he had suffered, which would not permit him to assume any consequence in society. He pitied him in his heart, and resolved to use all his endeavours to banish the scruples to which he attributed his depression. The same goodness of disposition led him to imagine that Penelope's not eating, as usual, was owing to her uneasiness, all the morning, about the poor servant maid, and when the cloth

was

was taken away, he desired her to go, and see how she fared. Glad of such an apology, she readily withdrew, to induce Mr. Pawlet, the more firmly, to believe the truth of his suspicion.

C H A P. III.

Mrs. Pawlet will be contradicted.—Engraving.—Philosophy.—What women were born for.—How much they should know of chemistry, geography, algebra, and languages.—Mrs. Pawlet compares the parson to a pint bottle, and herself to a gallon.—The impudence of a philosophical mind.—Plutarch quoted, as an authority for women retiring after dinner.—The consequence of introducing learning into a brain not fitted to receive it.—How to prevent servants cheating you.—An ancient mode of stopping sickness, used with a very different effect.—Barclay, and Phaeton.—A question.—The answer more interesting than explicit.

BARCLAY observed, that whatever the parson said at dinner, Mrs. Pawlet invariably

variably contradicted, intending, by the opposition of her learning to that of her husband, to raise herself in the opinion of Barclay for wisdom and shrewdness. The opposition she met with, however, was of so short a duration, Mr. Pawlet always striving to preserve tranquillity and good humour, that she, at last, became quite exasperated against him, on account of his mildness.

“ You always agree with me, Mr. Pawlet,” said she, warmly, “ and I am at a loss to guess your meaning for so doing.”

“ The meaning is evident,” replied he ;
“ you are always in the right.”

“ There I differ with you,” cried Mrs. Pawlet.”

“ Yes, my dear !” said he, “ I know that. You always do.”

“ I differ with you,” continued she,
“ in my sentiment of the motive, that constantly makes you seek to agree with

me, and unless I occasionally meet with a vigorous opposition from you, I shall think you despise my powers. SOCRATES, however, did not despise ASPASIA."

"Heaven defend me from so base a thing," exclaimed the parson; "I will do whatever you please, my dear, to make you happy."

Barclay sat in mute attention to this family dispute, which was carried on, through the kindness of the parson, according to the desire of Mrs. Pawlet. Various were the subjects of debate. Mr. Pawlet was much attached to engravings, and his taste was consequently arraigned on this head. Of the two common styles of engraving*, the stipple and the stroke, he was for the former; Mrs. Pawlet was, of course, for the latter, and argued long in its favour, shewing her

* The first is done by dotting, the last by drawing lines.

knowledge

knowledge of the art, and pointing out the lively effects produced by it.

It would be vain, and tedious, to relate all the subjects of controversy which were entered into, to please Mrs. Pawlet ; I shall therefore omit several, and come to one, which, in the end, even ruffled the temper of the good-natured clergyman. It was this,—the parson contended for a *vacuum*, which always incensed his wife, who was a desperate stickler for a *plenum*.

“A Greek writer,” said she, “calls substance *τὸδὲν*, *something* ; and void, *τὸ μὴδὲν*, *nothing*. Now, I am for the *τὸδὲν* ; I am for something. I am with the ARISTOTELIANS ; they say that nature abhors a *vacuum*,—so do I.”

However mild the disposition of a man may be, there is always a spark of ambition in his heart, which will shew itself, whenever it finds an opportunity. Mr. Pawlet had suffered himself to be defeat-

ed, in many instances, to please the vanity of his wife ; but having the best of the argument, in the present, and being allowed, without offence, to support it, he determined to display his powers before our hero. He, very properly, and justly, insisted, that there could be no motion without a void, and went on, establishing his position with great firmness and truth.

Mrs. Pawlet, on the other hand, arguing, with thundering volubility, from HOBBS and DESCARTES, so confounded and bewildered the subject, that the parson, unable to go any further, and displeased at not being able to convince her * that he was in the right, exclaimed,

“ Why will women meddle with philosophy ? ”

“ And

* This is precisely my case. I am never angry in a controversy, when my opponent clearly explains my error. But when I have an idea of
what

"And why not, pray?" cried Mrs. Pawlet; "what were women born for, then?"

"Why, according to St. Paul," said the parson, "*to marry, bear children, and guide the house.*"

"Granting this," replied Mrs. Pawlet, a little angrily, "I should be glad to learn, how knowledge is incompatible with her situation in life. I should like to be told, why chemistry, geography, algebra, languages, and the whole circle of arts and sciences, are not as becoming in her, as in a man."

"I do not say," rejoined the parson, "that they are entirely unbecoming, but, I think, a very little of them will serve

what is right, but cannot satisfy my antagonist, and he persists in the contest, presuming on my hesitation, and striking me, as it were, with reeds, because I cannot come at my arms, then I fret.

"That's an honest trait."

Oh! trust me, I'll tell you nothing bad of myself.

her purpose. In my opinion, a woman's knowledge of chemistry should extend no farther than to the melting of butter, her geography to a thorough acquaintance with every hole and corner in the house, her algebra to keeping a correct account of the expences of the family; and as for tongues, Heaven knows that one is enough in all conscience, and the less use she makes of that the better."

During this speech, Mrs. Pawlet was much agitated, and scarcely able to conceal her anger, she said, "Ah! it is very well, Mr. Pawlet, but I smile at your impotency!"

"My dear," replied he, "you should rather be sorry for it."

"You are defeated," continued she, "and, in revenge, you descend to abuse. I have long found you deaf to instruction. You may be a man of some ordinary sense, and I believe you to possess
sels

self the properties of *verity* and *bonity*, but I can say no more for you. I have endeavoured, by constant communication, and instruction, to augment your intellectual fund; but, alas! I find the truth of the scholastic axiom, *Whatever is received, is received according to the capacity of the recipient* *; a gallon may pour out its liquor into a pint bottle, but the bottle can receive no more than a pint. I have done all that can be done, and may as well attempt to penetrate the rind of nature, and open a way to eternity, as to add to your knowledge."

Here Mrs. Pawlet looked at Barclay, with strong symptoms of exultation; and the parson, thinking he had been too

* *Quicquid recipitur, recipitur ad modum recipientis.*

Though Mrs. Pawlet quoted the Latin, yet I think it best, to prevent interruption with some, in the course of reading, to put the English in the text.

harsh, rose, and said, "Come, my dear, let us be friends again. You forced me to this opposition, and must not blame me for what I have advanced. Be composed. I'm sure you are in the right." Saying this, he gave her a kiss to atone for his fault ; a luxury Barclay did not envy him.

"Well," said Mrs. Pawlet, rising, "now, I think it is time for me to retire, but do not imagine that I retire for the same reason that other women do, namely, to allow you a greater freedom of speech. No, truly ; for I affirm, that there is nothing, however free, which a philosophical mind may not attend to. What are words, or things, to me? The philosopher's mistress is Truth, and she is naked."

The parson and our hero looked at each other with a smile.

"Yes," continued she, "and wherever he meets her, he embraces her with
rapture,

rapture, for in her alone exists all that is divinely beautiful."

Barclay sighed.

"You sigh, Mr. Temple," said she, but I do not wonder at it, for I talk of your mistress."

"You do, you do, indeed!" cried Barclay, with a warmth that was very diversely understood by Mrs. Pawlet and himself; "she is, in truth, divinely beautiful, but how difficult is it to acquire her!"

"Right," rejoined Mrs. Pawlet; "but to explain my motive for retiring. I hold it to be classically proper, and I gather that opinion from the following passage in PLUTARCH. He says, in his Banquet of the Seven Sages, that a wise man, *Καν οινος η φαυλος, επι τας νυμφας καταφυγειν* *, *if he finds the wine bad, has*

* Xylander's edition of Plutarch's Var. Op. p. 90.

recourse to the nymphs. Some, I know, contend, that the word *nymphs* means water. But I rather give it this interpretation. *If a wise man finds the wine bad, he retires to the LADIES.* It is of consequence admitted, that if he retires to the ladies, the ladies must have previously withdrawn, and, supported by this authority, I always deem it decent to retire." Uttering these words, she left the room, apparently in the highest degree satisfied with the display she had made of her talents and erudition.

Being gone, Mr. Pawlet drew his chair closer to our hero's, and, inviting him to fill his glass, said he was heartily glad to see him, and drank to their better acquaintance. Barclay pledged him with great sincerity.

"You must think," continued Mr. Pawlet, falling back in his chair, "you must think my wife a very strange woman, from what you have seen and heard

of her. Indeed, she is so. The learning her father, the dean, compelled her to obtain, has been too much for her. In a stronger head * it might have been of great service, but in hers it only tends to make her wild and eccentric. She is always doing some out-of-the-way thing; but, indeed, I believe she has a good heart, and would not, willingly, do any one harm."

"I cannot doubt it," replied Barclay.

"But still," said the parson, "she is often very near doing some, as, for instance, this morning,—and the other day, what do you think she did? The man who takes care of my horses was suddenly seized with a sickness, either through drinking more than he was aware of, when

* The Arabian observation is, that whenever learning is introduced into a brain whose texture is not adapted to receive it, a fermentation ensues, till the whole is exhausted.

Pref. Epist. to L. Bressq. p. 11,

dry, or was deceived in the quality of the liquor he drank. How that was I cannot say, but Mrs. Pawlet soon heard from the gardener that he was in this condition. The gardener informed against his fellow servant, because, I understand, they are not upon the best terms, and this is owing to a scheme of my wife's, which, I confess, I do not much approve. She tells me, that by creating feuds among the servants, she imitates CATO *, who, she says, wisely adopted this method, as a surety against their colluding together to cheat him. Well, the instant my dear knew that the groom was, to use the poet's phrase, for the sake of decency, "pouring his throat †" in the kitchen, she visited him, and presently hit upon this remedy. She had read, in

* Plutarch's Life of CATO, the Censor.

† "The attic warbler pours his dulcet throat."
POPE, or GRAY.
PLINY,

PLINY, "That wine, with pomegranate juice, stops vomiting*." Procuring, therefore, a bottle of Madeira, and squeezing a little pomegranate juice into it, she presented it to him, glass after glass. The honest fellow took the prescription very kindly, until he had finished the bottle, which, as you may easily conceive, only made bad worse. Good soul! I am sure she meant well, but the poor man was, after all, obliged to be carried to bed in a deplorable state of intoxication and sickness."

Our hero could not refrain from laughing at this absurdity, saying,

"I should not be surprised, sir, if your groom were to sham sick, at some future time, for the sake of such an agreeable recipe."

* Vomitiones sistit cum succo granati.

PLINY, Nat. Hist. b. xx. c. 14.

"True,"

“ True,” replied the parson, “ and I shall be well contented if no greater mischief is the consequence of her passion for the Æsculapian art. But, I hope, Mr. Temple, notwithstanding all these trifles, you will endeavour to bear with her. I assure you, I see that she has a great respect for you. It must be afflicting, it is true, for a man, like yourself,—a man of profound and well-digested learning, to be subject to her whims and caprices ; but——”

“ A truce,” cried Barclay, interrupting him, “ a truce to compliments on my learning, my dear sir, I entreat. It is but moderate, I protest, and has been exaggerated by my friend, merely to ensure a good reception from your lady. If it should be found sufficient to answer the purpose of amusing her, and hence prove the means of my enjoying the company of a man of your singular worth

worth and amiable manners, I shall esteem it much more than I have ever yet had cause to do."

"Fear nothing!" exclaimed the parson, "every thing shall succeed to your wish. Your learning will, I am confident, satisfy Mrs. Pawlet, and recommend you to her regard. What our mutual friend has written to me concerning your unmerited misfortunes in life, has already effected both, with me. And as I lament that such a calamity should have befallen you, so shall it be my care to obliterate it from your memory."

Barclay, affected by this kind expression, raised his handkerchief, involuntarily, before his face, to conceal his feelings. Mr. Pawlet, mistaking the meaning of his action, cried,

"Pshaw, now. Why did I make any allusion to what is past? Indeed, Mr. Temple, I did not intend to insult you,—I vow I did not,—pray forget it!"

Here

Here he took him by the hand. Barclay pressed it, and, recovering himself, said :

“ I know it, sir. I have not the least suspicion of any thing of the kind. I was overcome with the tender and friendly interest you seemed to take in my misfortunes. Believe me, I now no longer complain of Fortune. If ever I was happy, I am so now.”

“ You give me joy,” replied the parson, “ indeed, you do. Come ! let us drink the health of Keppel ; he has brought us together, and I am much indebted to him.”

To this Barclay instantly agreed ; and, when they had drunk their wine, Mr. Pawlet, by way of changing the conversation, said, lolling in his chair :

“ My Pen. is to be his wife.”

When Phaeton, driving the chariot of the Sun, entered the sign of the Scorpion, and, through excess of fear, let go
the

the reins, and set the world on fire, he was not in a greater perturbation and alarm than our hero, when he heard the above words pronounced by the parson. He had been, ever since his arrival, striving to root out this idea from his mind, and had, in some measure, succeeded in his endeavours, when Mr. Pawlet put an end to the fond illusions of hope, and entirely destroyed his tranquillity. He turned his head away from the parson, as if looking at a picture that was behind him, and continued in this position until he had gained an ascendancy over his spirits, and was enabled to converse, without betraying any remarkable emotion. Then, resuming his former state, he inquired, in a seemingly unconcerned way, whether the day was fixed?

“No,” replied the parson, “but I expect it will not be long before it is. They have been long plighted, and I know
that

that he is excessively attached to her. Come ! let us drink to their happiness."

"Indeed, said Barclay, drinking, "I know no two persons I so sincerely wish happiness to. My friend Keppel, though he has his singularities, I have ever found a true and affectionate friend. Miss Pawlet is as beautiful and interesting as thought can fancy, and will make any one happy who possesses her !"

"Miss Pawlet?" cried the parson.

"Yes," replied Barclay, "the young lady who dined with us."

"Ah !" said he, "Penelope you mean."

"I do," returned our hero. "Miss Penelope Pawlet, your daughter. Is not she so?"

Mr. Pawlet appeared a little confused, and answered, "Daughter? She would grace a court, and might be daughter to a king! But, come, let us
join

join the ladies, I know they are waiting for us."

Then, throwing open the door, he invited Barclay to follow him into the next room, which he did, musing on the evasive reply he had received,—a reply, too, that prevented him, for ever after, from repeating his inquiry.

C H A P. IV.

The perfection of vice, or virtue, in character.—In what light we view our own offences.—Caricature not unnatural.—DEMOCRITUS and HERACLITUS.—Which was the wisest.—How ill we are treated by the Gods.—Mrs. Pawlet's tea.—A new character.—The advantage of speaking broken English.—The French and the Ephraimites.—A syllogism.—Where Nature has placed the fountain of love.

As I am, in this chapter, about to introduce a character possessed of none of the most enviable features, it will not be amiss to premise a few words on the subject.

Some critics may affirm, that the author, who draws a virtuous character of
great,

great, but attainable perfection, does much good; but that he who delineates a mind fraught with evil, and revelling in every detestable and abhorred crime, can scarcely be pronounced innoxious. The effect is to be produced on the hearts of the wicked, and not on those of the virtuous. The bad man will read the former character, and, in reading, contrast his own, and hate himself. The latter he will view with horror, and think his feelings the offspring of virtue. He will compare his own evil life with that of one perpetrating every sin a heated and malignant imagination could devise, and what will be the result? He will deem himself, by comparison, pure as the morning dew, and white as snow. I confess, that such a lenity to our misconduct should not be encouraged; since we are but too apt to esteem that almost a virtue, in ourselves, which we condemn as vice in others; thinking our own offences

fences serve, like the dark spots in ermine, to give a double lustre to the brighter parts of our character, and as moulds on the face of a lovely woman to beautify, not blemish, the object.

However it may, on the other hand, be said, that to expose vice and virtue in their truest colours is the most infallible mode of ensuring the detestation and abhorrence of mankind to the one, and their love and veneration for the other. Follow nature, say our judges, and you shall have nothing to fear. But I doubt. I fear that he who should copy nature (by which I understand characters that exist) too closely, would be accused of describing nothing but caricatures.—Such may be the opinion respecting Mrs. Pawlet, but I vow I have not overcharged the draught I have given of her. I have seen her original, which as far surpassed this imitation as originals are wont to do. I own the inability of my pencil to do her justice, but I must say
that

that I shall be more convinced, than otherwise, of the likeness of my composition by hearing it called a caricature. There are breathing caricatures as well as painted ones. There are living caricatures of every description; so that if HERACLITUS* were now alive, he would have more cause to weep for human kind than ever; and were DEMOCRITUS still in existence he also would have more reason than heretofore to laugh and indulge his spleen. The wisest of these two philosophers was in my opinion the last. DEMOCRITUS, who was always laughing, lived 109 years. HERACLITUS, who never ceased crying, only 60. Laughing then is best; and to laugh at one another perfectly justifiable, since we are told that the gods themselves, though they made us as they pleased, cannot help laughing at us†.

Barclay,

* See *ALCIATI emblem'd*, CLI.

† “ Momus,” says LANTIER, “ was not much mistaken when he said the gods had been drinking
100

Barclay and Mr. Pawlet joined the ladies in the drawing-room, where they found Miss Penelope presiding at the tea-table in the middle of the room; and in one corner, near the fire, sat Mrs. Pawlet with her own table and tea things. Singularity was one of her predominant passions. She never drank such tea as was commonly used; but being acquainted with an East India captain, she had requested him to bring her over some of a choice and rare kind, and he had furnished her with a large stock of *Canapoi*, *Pekoe*, *Singlo*, and *Twankey*, which she was very proud of; and kept principally to herself, because few would drink them with her.

Barclay being seated, was invited to take a dish of *Twankey*, which, through curiosity and politeness, he accepted, but did not find it so much to his taste as to require any more. Mrs. Pawlet now harangued

too much nectar, when they created man; and that they could not contemplate their works without laughing.

on

on the virtues of teas, and was declaiming with excessive fluency, when she was interrupted by a ring at the bell, and presently a tall, thin figure made its appearance. He saluted the company all round, and being very graciously received by the parson and his family, took his seat by Mrs. Pawlet, who exclaimed,

“ *Ab ! Monsieur L’Abbé, que je suis ravi de vous voir.* ”

“ *Madame,* ” he replied, “ *Vous me faites trop d’honneur.* ”

“ *Une tasse du Twankey, Monsieur,* ” continued she.

“ *Ab ! la chose du monde que j’aime ! du Twankey, Madame, s’il vous plait,* ” he returned with great expression of satisfaction. And while he is employed in drinking his tea I shall beg leave to give some account of him.

Monsieur L’Abbé Dupont was a French emigrant, rather advanced in life, of much superficial learning, and possessed of many

of those accomplishments which are more courted by mankind, and better received every where, than the greatest virtues, and the most exalted probity and honour. It is said that the countenance is an image of the soul. If so, he had the ugliest soul that ever animated a man's body. His visage was dark, his conscience spoke in his face, and his eye told you not to trust him. Such was the Abbé Dupont to any but the most unsuspecting. He had, however, by his insinuating manners contrived to ingratiate himself into the favour of almost every family in the village. His poverty pleaded for him with the parson; his learning, but more especially his flattery, recommended him to Mrs. Pawlet. He was engaged to read French with Penelope, and Mr. Pawlet not thinking he got enough for his support, took some lessons of him himself, that he might not feel the obligation of receiving money in the way of charity. His duplicity was excessive.

Although he could talk the language with ease, he affected to speak broken English; and when he found he had said any thing that was offensive, he would cover himself with the cloak of ignorance, and protest, *Dat he no onderstond de langage.*

Something being advanced by the parson which Mrs. Pawlet, as usual, contradicted, he was asked which he thought in the right.

“ ’Pon my *bonneur*,” said he, “I am puzzled—Monsieur seem to me to have reason, but Madame have not wrong, because de ladies never, jamais, can be wrong.”

Barclay was not much pleased with his looks, and soon perceived by his conduct the artful part he played; but not being inclined to judge rashly or with severity, he was willing to ascribe it to the exigency of his situation.

After the Abbé had swallowed four or five dishes of Mrs. Pawlet’s tea, profess-

ing that every dish was better than the last, she began a long political sermon, which he listened to with signs of great admiration. Barclay sat by the side of the parson unemployed, unless in thought, and in now and then catching the eyes of Penelope, who sat opposite him near the Abbé and Mr. Pawlet, engaged in making a purse. "When I think," said she, "of the rulers the French have suffered—*Suffered*, Monsieur L'Abbé—that's a good term—Eh?"

"*Expressive!*" exclaimed the Abbé.

"When I think," she repeated, "of the rulers they have suffered, since the martyrdom of their rightful monarch, I cannot help recollecting a passage in holy writ, which I think very apposite. The Creator is there said "*to give the wicked a king in his anger; and to set over the nations the basest of men!*"

"*Précisément,*" cried the Abbé, "*Juste à so, madame,—de basest of de men!*"

" 'Tis

“ ’Tis very odd,” cried Mrs. Pawlet hastily, “ that you will mutilate the *th* so dreadfully, always using a *d* or a *t*, instead of pronouncing the word properly. Faith, do you know, *Monsieur*, that I believe the French are typified by the EPHRAIMITES, who were put to the sword by the men of GILEAD. I need not tell you that, to discover whether they were Ephraimites, they were made to say שבלת, *Sbibboleth*, which they constantly pronounced *Sibboleth*, and thus betrayed themselves. Now if the French were in the like condition, and obliged to *Thibboleth*, or some such word, they would instantly prove themselves to be Frenchmen by dropping the *b*, and saying *Tibbolet*.”

“ Ah, Madame!” exclaimed the Abbé, “ you are in de right; but spare de poor Frenchman.”

“ Well, come,” said she, exultingly, “ I will furnish you with an excuse. When any one accuses you of dropping

a letter in pronouncing the *th*, deny it, and tell him, that *h* (*non est littera*) is allowed by grammarians to be no letter."

The Abbé smiled and bowed.

"When I condemn the French," continued Mrs. Pawlet, "I do not condemn them merely because they are French. That would be silly, mean, and ungenerous. No, I condemn them for those deadly principles they have imbibed, and are so ready to instil into the minds of others, to the destruction of their peace and happiness. I am equally inveterate in my hatred of my own countrymen, when I find them swayed by the influence of the dæmon of sedition and irreligion. I abhor villains of every clime, and such I hold these to be, and I prove it by this syllogism:—He is a villain who labours to make his fellow creatures miserable: but he who publishes seditious opinions, and disseminates doubts or falsehoods respecting the christian religion in a country,
where

where numbers believe in it, will shake the faith of weak persons, and that will make them miserable. Therefore he who publishes, &c. is a villain !

Monsieur Dupont did not affect to be more pleased with Mrs. Pawlet's syllogism, than the parson really was. The approbation she received was general, and she was prosecuting her subject, with excessive vigour, when the servant came in, to inform Barclay, that a man had brought his luggage from the inn.

"Take it into Mr. Temple's room," cried the parson. It was now nine o'clock, and our hero, being much fatigued by the exertions of his mind and body, said, in a low voice, to Mr. Pawlet, that he should be glad if he would permit him to retire to rest. His request was readily granted. Rising, therefore, he bowed to the company, and followed the servant to his chamber.

The distant respect, and silence of Bar-

clay, may appear somewhat strange to gross minds, and to such as know nothing of the exquisite refinements of love; but those who are acquainted with them, will be so far from seeing any thing extraordinary in it, that they will view his apparent respect as the sweetest familiarity, and his silence as the most delicious intercourse. An old writer tells us, that *the eye is the fountain of Love**; and, he might have added, that it is the orator of the soul. Judge, then, if Barclay and Penelope were constantly gazing at each other, whether there existed between them any cold respect, or reserved and forbidding silence! When the eye speaks, the most eloquent of tongues, feeling its imbecility, is motionless, with admiration!

Being now alone, Barclay threw himself on the bed, and abandoned his mind

* Eustath. Ismen. lib. iii.

to reflection. "Lovely, adorable creature!" he exclaimed, "how I worship thee! Happy, thrice happy man, to live, beneath the same roof, with so much beauty and perfection! Mean is my employment, and I despised it; but now I shall love it, for the happiness it brings me, and will copy, until my fingers wear away, ere I will complain. Mean is my condition in life, but I deceive myself,—horribly deceive myself, if the reduction of my fortune weighs a feather in the heart of Penelope. The tongue may utter falsehoods, but, surely, the soul can speak nothing but the language of truth. In her gentle looks, full of benignity and love, I read all that my swelling heart could wish, or proud ambition dare to hope. But, ah, alas! have not the most bewitching forms, and fairest eyes, fascinated to destroy? Oh, Kessel! oh, my friend! is it just to use thee thus? I tremble when I think of

thee! Between my friendship and my love I am racked and torn! Oh that they would put an end to me, and deprive me of the power to violate either!"

In this state of distraction he remained for some time, till his hopes, getting the better of his fears, flattered him with the prospect of happiness, by his friend's relinquishing his claim to Penelope.

"He will,—he will!" he ejaculated. "Great will be the sacrifice, but 'twill be his glory! Surely he cannot love her as I do!"

With these soothing, but deceitful thoughts, he went to rest, and passed the night in airy dreams of future bliss and never-ending love.

C H A P. V.

Mrs. Pawlet and Penelope described in their mornning dresses.—Persian.—What the women promised by Mahomet are made of.—A curious subject introduced by Mrs. Pawlet at breakfast.—The use the parson makes of his dog.—The prolific emperor.—Why the parson will feel very awkward, when he gets to heaven—Barclay receives instructions, and begins his task.—Why nature has given us two eyes.—Mrs. Pawlet makes an odd experiment on the parson.—Some extracts promised from a singular manuscript.

BARCLAY enjoyed the elysium to which his dreams had wafted him, in such an uninterrupted manner, that they were

D 6 compelled

compelled to give him notice, that breakfast was ready, and waiting for him. He instantly arose, and, greatly refreshed, descended to the parlour, where he found the family expecting him. The parson was in his morning gown and black cap; and Mrs. Pawlet and Penelope in dresses forming the most inimitable contrast. They could not, indeed, be better compared, in respect to clothing and appearance, than to *HECATE* and *HEBE*. The former, in a kind of dark fustian gown, and a cap that baffles all description, exhibited a shrivelled visage, a snuffy nose, and eyes of doubtful direction. The other, in a robe of white, beautiful for its simplicity and taste, displayed a form the *Grace* itself might envy, and, under a light cap edged with lace, and bound with pink ribbon, was seen a face of perfect loveliness;—her nose was in a straight line with her forehead, according to the true model of beauty, her eyes were blue,

and,

and, like those of the queen of Love, as described by the poets,* swimming in their orbs, as if mingling with the liquid pearl that furrounded them; and her mouth, adorned with small, even teeth, delicately white, breathed perfumes far more sweet than gales “of Araby the blest!” It is said, that the Persian angels are entirely composed of perfumes. If that is the case, and it be necessary to the angelic character, Nature, undoubtedly, intended Penelope to be one, for she was all sweetness*.

Barclay

* MAHOMET says, there are four kinds of women in Paradise, all of equal and extraordinary beauty. As they merit description, I shall describe them, according to DURIER’s French translation of the Coran, cap. xlviii.

The first are white, the second green, the third yellow, and the fourth red. Their bodies are composed of saffron, musk, amber, and frankincense, and their hair of carnation: from the toes to the knees they are saffron; from the knees to the breast, musk; from the breast to the throat, amber; and from the throat to the top of the head, frankincense.

Such

Barclay made his appearance in a neat morning dress, and, after inquiring, politely, after the health of the family, and receiving the same compliment, he took his seat at the breakfast-table.

“I have prepared every thing for your accommodation, Mr. Temple,” said Mrs. Pawlet, who was sitting, as on the preceding evening, at her own board, “and I shall, after breakfast, be ready to attend you to the library.”

Barclay bowed.

There was, now, a short silence, when Mrs. Pawlet, who never suffered it to be long, said, putting a book she held in her hand on the table, and with the other taking up her tea,

“I have,” said she, addressing herself to Barclay; “I have been talking to Mr. Pawlet, in the course of the night, about

Such are the beauties MAHOMET promises to his followers in Paradise.

the

the propriety of polygamy. Now——; but, why do you interrupt me, Mr. Pawlet, in this manner?" continued she, turning toward him, as he was in the act of careffing a little Italian greyhound, and talking to it, in a tone so high, as to render Mrs. Pawlet almost unintelligible. To speak to his dog, whenever any thing fretted him, and to complain to it, was a constant custom with the worthy parson. Hearing his wife on the topic of polygamy before Penelope, he had instantly recourse to his dog; but, finding that all his patting and talking was of no avail, but that Mrs. Pawlet would proceed, he said,

"Pen, my dear, I wish you would step into the garden, and see how the bees go on, for I expect them to swarm every day."

Penelope readily took the hint, and withdrew.

"Well, sir," cried Mrs. Pawlet, "now, you

you have done, I will go on. Why you have sent the girl away, I cannot guess; but you will never let her learn any thing! I have a book, here, Mr. Temple, on the subject of polygamy, which, I think, incontrovertibly proves the propriety of it. It may seem singular, that I, a woman, should be an advocate for such a system; but, after you have known me better, sir, you will see that I am above all jealous and selfish motives, when truth, and the public good, are in question. *ALETHÆUS* * observes," (here she took up her book, and read a long passage, in Latin) "that polygamy seems by no means contrary, but, rather, most agreeable to the law of nature, and of nations; if we advert to the man who is so constituted by nature as to be able to procreate many children in

* *Discursus Politicus de Polygamiâ, auctore THEOPHILO ALETHÆO, p. 1.*

a year,

a year, which is not to be done with one woman, nature has made nothing in vain. It is clear, therefore, that this talent was not given to man to hide in a napkin, but to profit by. What do you think of it, Mr. Temple?"

"Faith," replied Barclay, looking at the parson, who was still amusing himself with the dog, "I cannot say that I have considered the matter sufficiently to give a decided opinion on it; but, judging from my feeling at the first blush of things, I should like the system exceedingly."

"You judge justly," said Mrs. Pawlet, "by instinct. My husband is, I know, against it,—he thinks one wife enough."

The parson looked up, first at our hero, and then at his wife; but said nothing.

This, however, is through the prejudice of education, which often makes people blind to the greatest good. I will point

point out one, which not only shews the advantage of polygamy, but that it is, also, a duty. Not to go back to the earliest periods of the world, I shall bring proof from the present century *

ABDALLAH, we are informed, a late emperor of Morocco, had, by his wives and concubines, seven hundred sons, able to mount a horse. The number of his daughters is unknown. I say this is performing the great end of your existence. This is "*increasing and multiplying!*"

No reply was made to this declamation, and Mrs. Pawlet fluttered her wings in triumph. Penelope now entered, and resumed her seat.

"Penelope," said Mrs. Pawlet, "you have lost much instruction by your absence; however, you may thank Mr. Pawlet for that. Speaking logically, I

* 1720. PARKHURST.

could

could never teach him “the fitness, and unfitness of things.” Why is it, Mr. Pawlet, that you are such an enemy to learning? As a clergyman, you ought to be well acquainted with the Hebrew, that you might expound the Scripture with critical nicety. At present, you, like too many others, pretend to explain the holy writings, without understanding them yourself. I have often wished to instruct you in it, but you always decline it. However you know not what you reject. Every man should know Hebrew. You learn French, without being sure that you shall ever go to France; but there is a country, which we all hope to visit, and intend to reside in for ever, and yet we neglect their language. It is the opinion of many learned men, that Hebrew was spoken by Adam in Paradise, and that the saints, in Heaven, will speak it. Now, through your obstinacy, you will not be able to comprehend

prehend one word they say ! Unless, indeed, I should be with you, and interpret for you."

"My dear," said the parson, smiling, "I hope we shall meet each other there."

Mrs. Pawlet tossed up her head, significant of her superiority, and, turning to Barclay, said,

"When you are ready, Mr. Temple, we will retire."

"Whenever you please, madam," he replied, rising.

At this moment he caught Penelope's eyes, which were raised towards him, and, by her expressive look, he could see, that she was sorry he was compelled to be subservient to the caprices of the old lady. This proved to him, that she took an interest in his happiness, and he rejoiced, rather than repined, at his situation, since it made him the object of Penelope's thought.

He ascended with Mrs. Pawlet to
the

the library, where he perceived, at some distance from her table, a desk, a chair, and every thing in readiness, prepared for him to begin his task. After telling him, in a round-about way, that she had exploded the points as a late invention of the MASORETES, only calculated to confuse, without offering any advantage, and requesting him, in writing the Hebrew, not to follow the Rabbinical method, but to make the characters square, or more angular, she brought forth her books, on which she had been working for the last twenty years, and set him to his labour, which she instructed him how to perform, in five parallel columns. This preparation took up a considerable time; but, being at length convinced that he comprehended her meaning, she withdrew to her own studies.

While copying, Barclay observed, that Mrs. Pawlet was regulated in the disposition of her minutes by a time-piece,
which

which stood before her, devoting so many to different pursuits. At last he saw her rise, and, taking down a large folio on anatomy, she placed it upon the table, then, stretching out her left hand, she threw open a little door by her side, which, to Barclay's great surprise, contained a perfect skeleton of a man, which she contemplated, and examined, a long while, with great attention, referring occasionally to her book.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, throwing herself in her chair, "we are, indeed, *fearfully, and wonderfully made!*" Nature, Mr. Temple, has been very provident. She has provided man with two eyes, two ears, two this, and two that, when, indeed, it is proved, that man is as efficient an animal with one, as with two. The second, therefore, must have been bestowed in case of accidents."

Barclay could scarcely refrain from
laugh-

laughing at the oddity of the idea, that nature had given us an extra eye to be knocked out; but, restraining his risible muscles, he made a sign that approved of the shrewdness of her remark. She continued, "What a brute is ignorance! Do you know, Sir, that yesterday I was fool enough to doubt a thing which is now clearer to me than the sun. A man, Mr. Temple, is an inch longer in the morning than he is at night. You may smile, Sir, but I have proved it, for I measured Mr. Pawlet myself, both last night and this morning." "Indeed!" said Barclay, scarcely able to contain himself. "Yes, Sir, and I'll explain to you how it is, anatomically:—The book before me says, that the *vertebræ* are a chain of little bones, reaching from the top of the neck down the back to the *os sacrum*. The body of each *vertebra* (there are seven belonging to the neck) is spongy and cavernous; having in the middle a large perforation
through

through which the *medulla spinalis* passes, and seven *apophyses*, or processes. Now these spongy bodies in the neck are in the course of the day compressed by the weight of the head, and consequently shorten the stature, which is recovered by the morning."

Saying this, she looked at the dial, and instantly shut up the skeleton. She then retired into an adjoining room, from which she soon issued, dressed for walking, with a book under her arm.

"I see," said she, "you are going on very well, Mr. Temple, and I shall leave you for the present. I am going to Olympus."

"Ma'am," cried Barclay, staring at her.

"Yes," she added, "and if any one inquires where I am gone, you may say, *Viamque affectat Olympo**.—She withdrew.

"Curse me, but she is mad!" ex-

* She affects the way to Olympus.—VIRGIL.

claimed

claimed Barclay, not then knowing what she meant; "however, she's gone," he continued, "therefore I won't complain."

Now quitting his desk, he began to examine the library, where his attention was attracted by a red pocket-book which he perceived lying on Mrs. Pawlet's table. It was the repository of her memorandums, which she had left behind her either by accident or intentionally. Our Hero could not suppress his curiosity, he therefore made free to open it; and, that the reader may also be gratified, several of the pages are transcribed in the next chapter.—I wish him much entertainment.

C H A P. VI.

A NON-DESCRIPT.

It must be understood that Mrs. Pawlet always carried about her a book of this sort, in which she inserted every thing that occurred to her in reading, or in reflection. —The multifariousness of the composition will then be explained.—Barclay opened it and read:

LIBER MEMORIALIS.

IN the first chapter of Genesis is this passage, "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him: male and female created he *them*."

Now what do these words ברא אתם זכר ונקבה apparently well translated by "Male and female created he them," signify?

nify? Either the woman was created at the same time, but separately, or אֵתָם, *them*, stands for אֵתוֹ, *him*, and the passage should be thus turned, "Male and female created he *him*:" that is, He created Adam of both sexes, or an hermaphrodite. Many of the Rabbins are of this opinion; they believe that Adam was created male on one side, and female on the other; and that he had even two bodies, the one of a man, and the other of a woman; so that to create Eve, those two were separated from each other.

PLATO tells us that in the beginning certain people were born double and with both sexes; but that this duplicity of members, giving them too much strength and vigour, they became insolent, and even declared war against the gods. Upon which Jupiter, to tame their pride, split each of them into two; but so as that each moiety still retained a strong passion to be

E 2 reunited :

reunited: and hence that philosopher derives the natural love between the two sexes*.

POPE probably borrowed this simile,

“ Envy will merit as its shade pursue,”

from CICEERO’S

Virtutem tanquam umbra sequitur. (Gloria)
Glory will virtue as its shade pursue.

The first of PLUTARCH’S questions relating to the customs of the Romans is, “Why do they command those who are newly married to touch fire and water?” This he answers philosophically, without ever thinking that fire and water are an admirable type of the agreement of man and wife.

* See Chambers and Manass. Ben-Israel, Maimonid, &c. ap. Heidegg. Hist. Patriarch. tom. 1. p. 128. and Plato. Conviv. p. 1185, ed. 1602.

To express marriage, the Ancients used the words, *uxorem ducere*, *to lead a wife*. And such a term might be very significant in those days; but at present men in general who are about to marry would, it is probable, express what they were going to do full as well by saying, *I am going to be led by a wife*.

The ALOIDES, two sons of Neptune, are said to have grown nine inches every month. I don't understand this. *Mem.* Consult Mr. Pawlet on this subject.

That carriages were never intended for young people, is signified by the word itself,—Carry—age.

Why is one who makes linen smooth by means of a press said to mangle it, when *to mangle* is used, meaning to lacerate or tear to pieces?

I envy Miss HERSCHEL her' astronomical knowledge. What wonderful things she sees through her telescope. In the philosophical transactions of the Royal Society for 1796, I read a discovery made by *Miss Caroline Herschel* of a little Comet which had no Nucleus. Happy woman!

There are 4386 bones in the gills of a carp. DUVERNOY.

In six months I read every Latin book in my library, from *propria quæ maribus* to LUCRETIVS *de naturâ rerum*.

ADDISON in the Spectator praises Father BOUHOURS; therefore having read him, it is probable he borrowed the idea of

'Tis not in mortals to command success :
But we'll do more, Sempronius we'll deserve
it.—

in Cato, from a French poet quoted by the father :

Si

Si je n'ay pas une couronne
 C'est la Fortune qui la donne ;
 Il suffit de la meriter.

In English:— If I do not possess a crown, it is the fault of fortune. It is enough for me that I have deserved it.

Suky must have originated from some pedant's calling his sweetheart ψυχῆ, or *Suké*, my soul !

August. This month the sun enters Virgo.

Quere. Whether DOMITIAN, the emperor, amused himself in killing *flies* or *fleas*? SUTTONIUS, it is true, says "*muscas*," *flies*: but WATTS, in his fifth edit. of Philosophical Essays on various subjects, tells us, at p. 306, they were *fleas*. I hope, for the emperor's sake, they were so.

What does FUCHSIUS say of health? It is not diet, but exercise that must be

attended to. See BURTON's Anatomy of Melancholy.

In Swifferland they marry in mourning.
An apparel well suited to the mournful
occasion !

A good thing I said once.

Some one interceding with a cousin of mine for a foolish blockhead who pretended to be dying in love for her, accused her of hard-heartedness, and asked her if he died, how she would reconcile it to herself ? I directed her to say :

How ! very well. His death itself will expiate the crime. Like the shepherd in THYOCRITUS, Πέζω πορτιν Ερωτι, I shall have sacrificed a CALF to love.

PLATO was called originally ARISTOCLES, which name was changed to Plato, on account of his having broad shoulders, απο των πλατεων ωμων. We should, therefore, either call him Aristocles,

tocles, or translate his name thus, as in Addison :

“ **BROAD SHOULDERS**, thou reason’st well,” &c:

OVID, for the same reason, instead of *Naso*, should be called *Nosey*.

POPE.

“ Wit makes the man ;
The rest is nought but leather and prunella.”

PETRONIUS, p. 392.

Corculum est quod homines facit, cætera
quisquilia omnia.

This cannot be translated better than by Pope’s words.

Our errand-boy is always blundering.
I suppose he is called *errand* from *errare*,
to err.

There is a singular expression in THEOPHRASTUS *de Gar*, to signify, *if it should rain*, Εἰ τοιγασίεν ὁ Ζεὺς ὕδαρ. The phrase is used seriously, and literally translated

E 5 runs

runs thus : *If Jupiter should make water.*
See ARISTOPHANES. The clown there
thinks it was done through a sieve.

Musical men are the pleasing fools of nature ; Poets are her glory. The first are all sound ; the last combine sound and sense. I talk of happier days ! The rage for levelling is now so prevalent that it has even crept in among our poets, who are reduced to the rank of musicians, for they deal in nothing but sound. This difference there is between them however, —the latter are the more *pleasing fools* of the two.

“ Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.”

GOLDSMITH has this thought, in his *Hermit* ; I believe these words *. MICHELANGELO BUONAROTI has it also.

* GOLDSMITH imitated YOUNG,
“ Man wants but little, nor that little long.”

Night iv.

Nè

Nè v'accorgete——

Che 'l tempo è breve, e'l neccessario è poco.

“ Man's time is short, and little as his wants.”

The different import the same phrase bears in different countries is remarkable. *Il ait du plomb en sa teste*, *He has lead in his head*, is a French proverb for a solid, grave, wise man. We mean something very opposite by those words in England.

You see yourself how vilely the world is abused. We give our souls to keep to the *Theologians*, who for the greater part are *Heretics*; our bodies we commit to the *Physicians*, who never themselves take any *Physic*; and then we intrust our goods to *Lawyers*, who never go to law with one another.—See RABELAIS, b. iii. c. 29.

EPIGRAM

On one who, becoming suddenly rich, affected to forget his former acquaintance.

Επελθετ' αὐτὸν οὐκ εἶη.

MENANDER.

“ Forget thee !” Ay, why stares the gaping
elf ?

Dost thou not see he has forgot himself ?

On Sir HENRY HERBERT’S register it appears, that when he was master of the revels, “ his usual fee for licensing a play was twenty shillings, except when he had extraordinary trouble *in making corrections* ; and then he had forty shillings.”

What a pity it is that our licenser does not make corrections ! How richly would he deserve his forty.

Some people say of a wit, whom every dullard wishes to degrade, “ Oh ! hang
3 him,

him, he'd sacrifice any friend for a joke." And this idea is founded on his having cut deeply half a dozen of these dolts, who are pleased to call themselves his friends. But I declare it as my opinion, that one good joke is dearly lost at the expence of a hundred such friends.

On La Pucelle de M. CHAPELAIN
was written this epigram ;

*Quæ dempsere tibi somnum vigilata tot annos
Carmina, nunc nobis hunc, Capelane, cient.*

POPE had these two lines in his mind
when he wrote

Sleepless themselves, to make their readers sleep.

APULEIUS tells us (lib. i. Golden Ass) of Sorceresses, who were very fond of human flesh. The Salic laws also order,
" *That if the Sorcerers eat a man, and be
convicted*

convicted of it, she shall pay about fifty pounds.

PETRONIUS uses *humanior* in the sense of *nobilior*. So it should always be used. The more *humanity* a man has, the *nobler* he is.

A gulph without side or bottom! A more terrific idea cannot be conveyed in words so simple and so few.

It was the opinion of the TALMUDISTS, that ADAM had two wives, LILIS, and EVE. The children of the former were all devils. *Query*. Is this breed extinct?

Why are those named *Mary* called Polly? There are now many Christian names which are by no means common, and such I imagine *Mary* to have been formerly. At length so many were thus entitled,

entitled, that it induced some wag to give them the second name of *Polly*, from the Greek word πολυ, *poly*, which means *many*.

There ! I think, and I have no doubt but the reader will think, this a sufficient specimen of Mrs. Pawlet's memorandum-book, of which, as of her tea, or her physic, a single taste will satisfy most people.

While taking a survey of the library, which was stuffed with biblical knowledge, but, upon the whole, a valuable collection, Barclay heard some one on the stairs, and instantly resumed his occupation.

Presently the door opened, and the parson entered.

“ Ah !” said he, looking about, “ I thought my wife would be gone.”

“ Yes, sir !” replied Barclay, “ she is gone, *viamque affectat Olympo*.

“ Ay ! I know that,” returned the parson.

“ Do you, sir ?” said our hero ; “ then you know more than I do, for, faith, I have no conception where Mrs. Pawlet is gone to.”

“ Oh ! you do not understand,—eh ?” he cried ;—“ she did not explain, then I will. It is an old joke of her’s. She calls this vale, in which we live, the Vale of *Tempe* ; the river, which meanders through it, *Peneus* ; and the two hills, one on each side, *Ossa* and *Olympus* ; on the latter of which she never fails to walk at this hour of the day, to take the air, and to indulge the musings of her mind.”

Barclay now comprehended her meaning, and smiled.

“ But, come,” continued Mr. Pawlet,
“ put

“put up your papers, and let us take the air also. I am going into the village with Pen, and you shall go along with us. You must not drudge here all day, without some relaxation !”

Barclay thanked him for his kindness, and was soon ready to attend him.

It was the latter end of April, and the may, in the hedges, had filled the air with its sweets, when the parson, with Penelope under his arm, who had merely added a straw hat to her dress, accompanied by our hero, and the little greyhound, bent their steps up the path, towards the church. Barclay felt his heart bound with joy at the happiness of his situation, as he proceeded, conversing with Penelope and the parson on the exquisite beauty of the surrounding scenery. At length they arrived at the church, when they presently espied Mrs. Pawlet, at a great distance, on the summit of Olympus, sitting under a tree, which,

which, the parson said, was a laurel of her own planting.

“But let us go down into the village,” added he ; “ Pen and I have a poor woman to visit, who is very unwell, and cannot stay to look about us any longer at present. When we have done our duty, we will return.”

“And, I am sure,” cried Barclay, “you will then both enjoy the prospect with a greater relish, as a reward for your commiseration and benevolence. But if the poor woman is ill,” said he, “had you not better call Mrs. Pawlet, and take her with you?”

Penelope smiled, and the parson replied,

“Oh ! no, no ; she wants no physic. Her mind is distressed through poverty and misfortune, and she only needs comfort, and a little pecuniary relief.”

They now descended the hill, and in their way, Mr. Pawlet saying to Penelope that they would afterward call on his brother,

brother, it immediately occurred to Barclay, that he had a letter of recommendation to him. This he instantly intimated to the parson, who said,

“ Well, well ! then there will be no necessity for me to introduce you. Therefore, while we pay our visits, you shall go and pay yours, and we will join you there.”

This being settled, and our hero informed that Mr. George Pawlet's house was at the further end of the village, he left his amiable friends to pursue their charitable work, and set off to deliver his letter.

C H A P. VII.

How to hang a larum so as to make it tell to advantage.—Servants of a new description.—Barclay sees a naked Venus.—The alarming consequence.—A subject for Fuseli.—A young lady whose face the reader can have no idea of, and why.—What the Talmud says, very impudently, concerning the creation of woman.—Mrs. George explains why her husband can't go to Heaven.—A wife's fears of meeting a certain gentleman hereafter removed.

BARCLAY proceeded to the extremity of the village, and then inquiring his way to Mr. George Pawlet's, was directed to continue on the road for about a furlong, until he came to a grove of trees,
 "which,"

“ which,” said his informer, “ will lead you to the house.”

Barclay obeyed his instructions, and presently arrived at an avenue, which he instantly recollected to have been the place where his fellow-traveller in the stage had alighted, and it immediately struck him, from his manner of talking, that he might be the identical person he was about to visit. This circumstance, though doubtful, added to what his friend Von Hein had said of Mr. George Pawlet's family, as being of a very singular description, sharpened his curiosity to become better acquainted with them. Approaching therefore a great gate at the entrance of this shady walk, which was a considerable distance from the house, he applied his hand to the bell. When, in fairy tales, the hero sounds the bugle of some enchanted castle, and two griffins appear to give him welcome, he is not more astonished than Barclay was
at

at what immediately followed his application to the bell of Mr. Pawlet's house. By some ingenious piece of mechanism, by no means calculated, however, to promote the interests of *peace* and *quiet*, the bell at the gate was connected with every other bell about the premises, and so hung as to ring the changes in excellent time, which they continued to do, to the great astonishment of Barclay, for full five minutes before any one appeared to demand his business.

It had long puzzled our hero to divine who Penelope's companions were when he saw her at Oxford, and he had not as yet had any opportunity of inquiring. During this musical interval, however, it forcibly suggested itself to him, that he should now get some further intelligence on the subject. With a confusion of uncertain ideas he waited patiently at the gate until the bells terminated their different changes with a grand clafh.

clash. Nobody came for some seconds after they had ceased, and Barclay began to think of withdrawing, for he was resolved not to touch *that* bell any more, let what would happen ; and indeed it seemed unnecessary, for if they could not hear twenty bells, that rung throughout the whole place for five minutes together, there appeared but little chance of gaining an audience by repetition. He did not remain long, however, in suspense. An odd looking man, a servant, opened the gate, and in a kind of recitative tone of voice, inquired his pleasure.

Barclay smiled, and replied, that he wished to see Mr. George Pawlet, or, if he was not in the way, any other part of the family.

His curiosity was so much excited, that he was determined not to go away without some further satisfaction.

“ Follow, follow, me ! ” said, or rather sung,

fung, the fellow, in the same strain he had used before.

Barclay obeyed, and followed his guide up the avenue, which he perceived to be crowded with Apollos, Pans, &c. until he came to the hall door of a very large mansion. Here, the servant having learnt his name, breathed it in a soft tone into the hall, which was instantly echoed by a second, a little louder, and soon after returned by a third, in a deeper tone. After bandying about the name of BARCLAY TEMPLE, and making a sort of catch of it, which lasted two minutes, he was permitted to pass through several rooms until he came to an anti-chamber, when his ears were saluted by a perfect concert. No one appeared but a man, apparently the butler, who muttered in the recitative style as his fellow-servant, "My lady cannot see you yet!"

The concert lasted about a quarter of
an

an hour, which time Barclay employed in examining the room, and particularly in contemplating some beautiful paintings * of the old masters. He was, indeed, not only an amateur of the graphic art, but in no slight degree a professor; having learnt to draw when very young,

and

* Touching on painting, I cannot suppress a strong inclination I have long felt to recommend a subject for the magic-pencil of FUSELI. It occurs in the second book of the *Argonautics* of APOLLONIUS RHODIUS. Mr. FUSELI is well able to consult the original, but for the sake of the English reader, I shall quote the passage as translated by FAWKES.

Still as their course the daring Greeks pursue,
 The monument of Sthenelus they view.
 With honours grac'd, obtain'd in realms afar,
 Returning from the Amazonian war,
 On the bleak shore (Alcides at his side),
 Pierc'd by a fatal dart the hero died.
 Slow sail'd they on, for, eager to survey
 His kindred warriors on the watery way,
 At his request, from her infernal coast
 Pluto's grim queen released the penfive ghost.
 The penfive ghost beheld, with eager ken,
 From the tall monument the ship and men.

and being remarkably attached to it, he had made considerable progress in the study. A naked Venus had rivetted his attention, and he had placed one chair upon another to observe it closer, and to enter into all its beauties ; when, not thinking of the tottering state of his supporters, and moving something too much on one side, they all came to the ground together, with a crash that did not at all harmonize with the concert in the adjoining room. The instruments were all silent, and the servant was immediately summoned to know the cause of this discordant interruption. The man informed his mistress of the fact, and at the

As arm'd for war the martial phantom seem'd ;
 Four crests high-towering on his helmet beam'd,
 With purple rays intolerably bright ;
 Then soon it sunk beneath the shades of night.
 In mute amazement stood the Grecian host,—

- - - - -
 - - - - -
 - - - - -

fame

same time introduced our hero, to apologize for himself.

Whether it was on account of having been interrupted, or through the vanity of displaying before Barclay, I cannot say, but Mrs. George Pawlet gave him plenty of time to recover from his confusion, by turning round to the Abbé Dupont, the moment our hero entered, and saying,

“ *Allons, Monsieur l'Abbé. Da capo ;*”

To which he replying,

“ *Volontiers, madame* ’—

they all began again, and Barclay was left for a quarter of an hour longer with his hands before him, looking about in a very sheepish, but inquisitive way.

He had now a fair opportunity to reconnoitre, and he did not neglect it. The first person of the four that attracted his notice was the abbé, who, it seemed, had a *passé par-tout*. His knowledge of music was a sufficient introduction for

him to the good graces of Mrs. George. He sat with a violoncello between his legs, thrumming away close to a grand piano forte, at which Mrs. George presided, whom Barclay instantly recognised to be the whimsical looking, little, thin, lady he had seen at Oxford; and by her side, playing on the flute, stood the identical overgrown, clumsy youth, who had accompanied her thither with Penelope. The fourth person who completed this amiable *quartet*. was a young lady, his sister, who played on the harp. I would willingly describe her, but I fear I can never do her justice. She was somewhat more than four foot in height, a foot and a half of which were devoted to her face, and of that six inches for her chin, and six for her forehead. "Of her physiognomy," to use the words of Barclay's mistress, "you can have no idea, as there is nothing in your mind
to

to which you could compare it, and without comparison we can have no ideas." Of her countenance I can merely say, that it was that of a satyr, and of her form, after mentioning her height, I have only to observe, that she was *as crooked as the rib from whence she sprung*; and so far a type of her mind, which was satirical, envious, and perverse. She seemed indeed to verify in herself what the *Talmud* affirms of the whole sex.

It is there asserted that God was at first unwilling to create woman, because he foresaw that man would soon complain of it as an *act of malice*; he therefore waited till Adam asked for a help-mate, and then took all possible precautions to render her good and virtuous. He would not take her from Adam's head, lest she should turn out a coquet; nor from his eye, lest she should leer and ogle; from his mouth, lest she should be fond of talking; from his ear, lest she

should be a listener, and fond of overhearing what passes ; from his heart, lest she should be jealous ; nor from his hands or feet, lest she should be given to gadding about or stealing. But all his precautions were in vain ; for although she was taken from the hardest part of man, and that which is free from every vice, she possesses all the faults the Creator intended to avoid *.

Bless me ! I fear I am telling *the truth* here ! But no, that cannot be ; for as I said I would not speak the truth,—if I do, I tell a lie. However, should this not be deemed a sufficient exculpation, I beg pardon, and promise not to tell any more, at least none so *glaring and incontrovertible* as the present.

From the manner of the players, Barclay could easily perceive that the abbé had, in telling the news of the village,

* Note to vol. i. of the Travels of ANTENOR into Greece and Asia.

informed

informed them of his arrival, and of their meeting the night before. Mrs. George, and her son, master Stephen, eyed him whenever they came to a rest. The abbé, whose face was directed towards him, had once or twice, when he caught his eye, grinned graciously, and honoured him with a gentle inclination of his head. But Miss Phillis, who sat with the harp between her knees, and stretched out her long thin arms to embrace it, looking in that attitude for all the world like a father-long-legs, in particular, kept her large eyes goggling on him with evident delight.

At length the piece was finished, and Barclay rising, approached Mrs. George, and begged pardon for having disturbed what he called "her exquisite and delicious harmony."

At this compliment she smiled, and requesting he would resume his seat, asked him, instead of the cause of his visit,

which seemed to be the most natural question, "whether he played on any instrument." "No, madam," replied Barclay, "I am unfortunate enough not to have had any opportunity of learning, but still no man enjoys more than I do what the poet terms

The mazy, running soul of melody *.

"A great pity that indeed!" cried she; "how education is neglected in this country, monsieur l'abbé!"

"*Etonnant!*" ejaculated the abbé.

"Well, thank heaven," continued she, "my children will not be able to complain of me on that account."

"*Non, madame, - jamais, — never!*" cried the abbé; then turning round to master Stephen and his sister, he said, "See dere vat it is to have de cood moder!"

Though Barclay's mind revolted at

* Thomson.

the servile flattery of the abbé, yet seeing she was so well pleased with it, that not to acquiesce would be to insult, he adopted the most agreeable and conciliating mode.

A short silence now ensued, that is, a short silence of tongues, but not of sound; for during the time Mrs. George was conversing with Barclay, she kept her fingers continually on her piano, running up and down the keys with great velocity, and to herself with much apparent satisfaction. Our hero took advantage of this cessation of speech, and said, "But it is time, ma'am, that I should inform you of the cause of my intrusion. I have a letter from my friend Von Hein which I wish to deliver to Mr. George Pawlet, your husband, I believe."

"Yes, yes," she replied, "you are right,—he is my husband, but a heavy man; no soul for music, sir! One of those men who ought not to be on earth, and will never go to heaven."

Barclay looked at her with surprise.

“ You seem astonished, sir,” continued she, “ at what I assert, therefore I’ll explain myself. You know that SHAKSPEARE says, that *he who has not music in his soul is fit for murders, &c.* of course, then, he ought not to be on earth ; next, as we are well assured that in heaven there reigns the most perfect harmony, and that all the heavenly inhabitants join in perpetual song, it of consequence follows, that, as he cannot sing a single note, he will never go thither.”

Here Monsieur l’Abbé, Mrs. George, and her hopeful children, burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter, the abbé exclaiming,

“ *Bon, bon !* Hé no sing, and he vill never go didder !”

Though shocked at their unbecoming levity, Barclay could not help smiling at the manner in which the parson’s wife
and

and Mrs. George Pawlet had contrived to exclude their husbands from Heaven, because the one did not understand Hebrew, and the other could not sing.

I do not know how it is that women are not contented with having as little of their husbands' company as possible in this world, but they are anxious to be free from it in the next. I knew a lady who took on very deplorably at the death of her husband, although it was very well known that for the last ten years of their lives they had never been three hours together in private. Her husband was continually in her mouth, but especially whenever she was ill; then she would cry, "Oh! he's gone, he's gone, and I shall follow him! I know I shall! I am sure I shall!" A pious, good-natured friend, who had tried every way to tranquillize her, at length hit upon an expedient which succeeded admirably, though it was differently interpreted from

what he intended. He exhorted her not to despair of meeting again, for that it was the opinion of many people, that it would be our reward in the next world to meet with what we liked best in this. “ With what we *liked best* !” she exclaimed, “ Ah ! that is consolation, indeed !”

During this loud laugh at Mr. George Pawlet’s expence, he opened the door. Barclay immediately knew him to be the stranger he had travelled with in the stage, and rose from his seat ; so did the abbé, but the rest took no notice of him. While still holding the door in his hand, he saw Barclay, and made a motion to signify that he should follow him, which he instantly did, bowing respectfully as he withdrew.

C H A P. VIII.

Mr. Pawlet opens his family affairs to Barclay.—The origin of his misfortunes.—A perfect man and wife.—The merchant's dislike to music well accounted for in an epigram.—He thinks of two things he never thought of before.—Consolatory advice.—Religion,—its beauties.—The trinity,—observations on it.

“ I AM glad to see you, sir,” said Mr. Pawlet, as he led Barclay through the hall into the garden; “ I take it kind of you to come so soon. I was just going to visit you. I suppose you described me to my brother, and he told you that I lived here.”

“ No, sir,” replied Barclay, “ this meet-
ing

ing is owing to a different cause, which this letter will explain."

Here he presented him with his friend's commendatory epistle, which Mr. Pawlet took and perused. When he had finished it, he offered our hero his hand, and giving him a friendly shake, he said,

"You are welcome, Mr. Temple: I'll do whatever I can to serve you. I was prepossessed in your favour before, but now you come so strongly recommended, I hope we shall be friends."

Barclay bowed, and replied, "That he was highly sensible of his goodness."

"I wanted a friend!" said Mr. Pawlet.

"That," rejoined Barclay, "is no uncommon case."

"True," continued he, "but I am miserably at a loss for one in whom to confide. I am, sir, a stranger; nay, worse; I am something less than a stranger in my own family. No one loves,

no

no one cares for me,—I have no comfort ; all abandon me !”

As he uttered these words in a tremulous tone, Barclay perceived the agitation of his feelings from the distortion of his lips ; but his eyes were free from tears. “ You affect me, sir,” said our hero, “ and I know not what to say to relieve you.”

“ Alas,” he replied, “ there is no relief for me. It is now too late to think of any. I am an unhappy man, and so I must remain.”

We are but too fond of dwelling upon our sorrows, and pouring them into the ear of every one we meet. Mr. Pawlet could not withhold his from Barclay. His misfortunes, like many other men’s, originated in a woman. His marriage with Mrs. Pawlet was the cause of all his present complaint. While employed in his commercial concerns, he had occasion to go to Florence on some urgent business.

business. He was then about thirty. During the arrangement of his affairs, he indulged, like all other foreigners, in the amusements and gaieties of the place. Here he met with his wife. She was an English woman, and had married a man of fortune in England, where they had two children, when her husband falling ill and being advised to go to Italy, they left their children behind them, and set off for the sake of his recovery. After consuming some years in different parts, her husband died, leaving her only a small provision ; but providing very amply for the two children. She had imbibed all the manners of Italy, and with the assistance of the best masters, had made herself a great proficient in the practical part of music, with some little smattering of the theory. When Mr. Pawlet first saw her she was a widow, full of spirit, mirth, and good humour. Her execution on the piano enchanted him ; and
her

her voice, like that of the Syrens, enticed him into the gulph of matrimony. To do him justice, he hated the piano-forte and finging ever after. In a word; she captivated the trader, and in an unlucky moment of idle love, nothing would satisfy him but marriage: to this she readily agreed, and for once in her life gave him all the satisfaction his heart could wish.

No two people were ever better calculated to be what is emphatically, and pointedly, called *man and wife*;—They were alike in no two things on earth. She was a little thin woman, with all the airs of a foreigner: he was, on the contrary, a man of the true *Bull-breed*; about five foot three in height, his head large and round, his face flat, a protuberant belly, thick, but well-formed, legs and thighs, broad shoulders, and of a solid but not very sensible countenance. She was entirely for music and expence;

so

so was he when he was in love, at Florence ; but in England he was for tranquillity and frugality. Indeed he was parsimonious to a fault. He knew what it was to work hard for his money ; and his affection therefore for it was as great as his antipathy to music, which constantly put him in mind of Florence. As he was so partial to gold, perhaps his dislike to music might be traced to another cause. I remember an epigram, written in Latin by a modern epigrammatist, the substance of which I shall just put into verse, and then leave the reader to judge.

EPIGRAM.

A miser, who had oft been told
Of all the wonders music did of old,
Would never suffer music near
The chest that held what most his soul felt
dear.

“ For if,” said he, “ with logic good,
It made the dancing trees to quit the wood,
Who knows, when they begin to play,
My chest and guineas may not hop away ?”

However,

However, as it should be in all families (that is, if "whatever *is*, is right"), the wife soon gained the ascendant, and managed the house according to her own inclination. The children she claimed as her own property. He was not consulted in the getting of them, nor was he permitted to have any will in their education.

"She educated them," said he, "in her own way, and according to her own model. They are now, the boy two-and-twenty, and the girl one year older. They have been taught nothing but dancing, a smattering of French, and music without end. If they read any thing it is foolish novels." (Than which the reader knows nothing can be so silly) "They are independent of me," continued he, "and treat me, consequently, not only without affection and kindness, but with neglect, and often with ridicule. My wife supports them in
every

every thing; and I am not master in my own house. To oblige her I quitted business, and took this place. I did it for peace and quiet; but I have found none. I am now tormented by outward and inward plagues. Solitude and want of employment have brought me to *think of myself, and of religion*; two things that never before entered my mind. Finding no pleasure in this world, I have gradually begun to ponder on another, which till now I never thought of. These have filled me with *ennui*, hope, fear, doubt, and distraction."

Barclay having heard his complaint until he ceased to speak, turned to him (they were then sitting on a garden chair), and entreated him to view his situation in life on its bright side; and not to drive himself to despair, by continually keeping his eye fixed on that which was dark and discouraging. "Every station in this world," said he, "has
its

its inconveniencies, and yours is comparatively enviable, very enviable ! What you complain of in your family is trifling, when set by the side of that which afflicts many virtuous and well-deserving families. All your lamentation is occasioned by too much solitude ; which is neither good for the happiness of life, nor the well-being of religion. ` You dwell on things of no moment until you swell them into importance, and founding your complaint on the conjuration of your brain, believe you are miserable and unhappy.”

“ There may be truth in what you say,” replied Mr. Pawlet, “ as it respects my worldly concerns ; but I do not see how solitude can be inconsistent with religion.”

“ I do not say that it is,” rejoined Barclay, “ when used with moderation ; but I say that too much solitude is dangerous to it ; for it often misleads men, and makes them gloomy and discontent-
ed :

ed: than which nothing can be further from the intention of religion. It is her glorious province to lead mankind in the right path, and to make their hearts cheerful and content. Our religion does not force us into melancholy solitude, but bids us enjoy life; and, what is more, furnishes us with the means of enjoying it to the greatest advantage,—with a peaceful conscience! Without which pleasure is not pleasure, nor joy joy. Read, fir, the New Testament, and follow its dictates. If you do not believe that it will make you happy in the world to come, at least believe, what never can be doubted, that it will make you happy here below. Independent of its divine origin, it is the pure stamp of what every good man would desire to be, and being so, is surely the true example for every man to pursue who wishes to obtain a state of peace and happiness.”

“ I have,” said Mr. Pawlet, his countenance

tenance brightening as he spoke, " I have but one thing further to be removed, which I dare say you will do with as much facility as you have used in removing, in a great degree, my other doubts and difficulties. In professing the Christian religion, I find some trouble in reconciling the Trinity to my understanding. How is this ?"

" Sir," Barclay replied, " not only in religion, but in all his works, the Almighty has left many things above the comprehension of man. In every grain of sand, it has been said, there are ten thousand more questions than the wisest philosopher that ever lived could solve ; still men know sufficiently about it to serve all the concerns of life. So in our religion, it is enough for us to know that we are expected to believe in the Trinity, without entirely comprehending it. We might as well doubt that the grain of sand exists, which we are told
contains

contains so many things that are hidden from our knowledge, as that the Trinity exists as we are taught, because we do not perfectly understand that in it which God, as in the grain of sand, has thought fit to conceal from us. The stupid peasant would perhaps doubt that any such effects could be produced, as men of science can produce from chemical processes, or mechanics ; but are they the less so, because the peasant's ignorance and obstinacy will not allow him to believe in them ? A native of Jamaica having never seen a fall of snow, may doubt that there is any such thing ; but does his stubborn infidelity annihilate its existence ? Man is a finite being, and cannot comprehend things that are infinite ; but that such things are, is still as sure as if he did. In a word, without impiously searching into the inscrutable ways of providence, which is as it were *striving to leap beyond his shadow*, man
 knows

knows enough for the comfort and convenience of his sublunary condition ; and if he is wise, for his everlasting happiness !”

At this instant a servant appeared to inform them that the Rev. Mr. Pawlet and Miss Penelope were waiting for Barclay to return home. They rose. The merchant pressing Barclay gratefully by the hand, said, that what he had told him that day should rest on his mind, and be the subject of his continual contemplation. “ If ever I enjoy happiness,” he exclaimed, “ I shall owe it all to you !”

C H A P. IX.

Mrs. George's whim.—Company.—Music.—Miss Phyllis's bon mot.—Remarks on village visiting.—The odd fear of an over-righteous dame.—Zimmerman's second essay on Solitude.—An invitation.—Nathan's comment on Mrs. George's anthem.—A reward for singing psalms.

“WHAT ravishing tones ! I never heard such celestial sounds in my life !” said Barclay to the merchant, as they were proceeding toward the house. “Enchanting ! How it rises and falls ; how it swells, and then softly and sweetly passes away upon the breeze ! What enchantment is this, sir ?”

“Some of my wife's,” replied Mr. Pawlet ;

Pawlet ; “ I wonder you did not hear it before ; but the wind is just up, and they have begun.”

“ What has begun, sir ?” inquired Barclay.

“ The harps,” he answered ; “ and I fancy if you heard so much of them as I do, you would not find them so enchanting. My wife has placed about a dozen small *Æolian* harps in different parts of the grounds ; so that the moment I leave the house, to avoid being pestered with music, I am saluted with it on every side the garden, if there is the least breath of air stirring.”

Barclay smiled.

“ However,” continued he “ I am not so much displeased with this whim of hers, because, though unintentionally on her part, it is of some use. They serve instead of rattles, to frighten the birds away from the cherry-trees.”

They now entered the house, and

found a large company in the parlour ; there being three ladies, beside the parson and Penelope, paying a morning visit. Some music being requested, out of politeness, Miss Phyllis played two or three pieces on the harp, and her mother a long concerto on the piano ; at which the parson's dog howled exceedingly, and the "*little inharmonious being*," as Mrs. George called him, was consequently turned out of the room. After this Penelope was entreated to sing, which she did with such sweetness as to delight all the company, except the musical mother and daughter, who though she might justly have received LORD HERBERT's compliment to the nun, "that she need not change either voice or face to become an angel," complained very much, with an affectation of pity, that she sung sadly out of tune. Master Stephen, on the contrary, paid her many awkward and silly compliments on her singing, and professed, that though
he

he had learnt music of his mother, he should come to her to learn the graces of execution. This was said in a way that exposed his excessive vanity, and plainly discovered that he believed himself the object of Penelope's tenderest affection ; for he concluded by saying, that perhaps *Science* (meaning himself) and *Grace* might some time or other perform a *duet* together.

For the sake of the amusement of Mrs. George and her daughter, one of the visitors, who was known to play very ill, was now asked to favour the company with a little of her skill on the piano. She complied, to the great entertainment of the musical junto, and Monsieur l'Abbé, who signified their pleasure to each other by winks and nods. Our hero, sitting by Miss Phyllis, inquired of her whose music the lady was playing.

“ 'Tis the Battle of Prague,” she replied,

plied, "by KOTZWARROW, the man who hung himself."

"Ay," said Barclay, "pray what induced him to do so?"

"Why, I cannot say precisely," she rejoined in a whisper, leaning towards him, "but probably he had heard this lady play his battle piece!"

Here she tittered very audibly, and the poor lady, coming to a passage she could not execute, begged to be excused from proceeding. The two other ladies then rose, and the three visitors took their leave. They were no sooner gone than Mrs. George, her daughter, and Master Stephen, fell upon them without mercy. "And Mrs. What's-her-name, to pretend to play," exclaimed the mother, "why, lord, she knows no more of music than—than—than my husband there. Why she does not know a minor key from a major, or even a third from a fifth.

Then

Then her fingers,—did you ever see such fingers?—they are not fingers, but toes!”

A laugh ensued, and, after a great deal more scandal on the departed visitors, whom the parson endeavoured to defend, our friends rose to return home.

I cannot pass by this opportunity of saying a word or two on visiting, as it is carried on by the principal families in villages. It is disgraceful to all the common, and to all the nobler feelings that should obtain in the breasts of human beings. There is no good fellowship in it. No love. No kindness. In fine, they are occasioned by idleness and pride, and eked out by calumny and slander. The absent at these meetings are always scandalised; and it is wonderful to me that those who are present, being rational creatures, should be so dull and blind, as not to see that they are treated in the like manner the moment their backs are turned. When I see *three of the neuter*

gender * sitting round a tea-table ; I think I behold the Eumenides, or Furies, daughters of ACHERON and NIGHT, seated round the realms of PLUTO in Hell. They are ENVY, HATRED, and MALICE personified †.

After

* Three old women. In the German language old women are talked of in the neuter gender. It is fair to add that old men in villages are to the full as bad as old women. Indeed they are included in the latter appellation.

† One of these ancient, and over-righteous dames, who dwelt in a petty place in Swisserland, told ZIMMERMAN, that “ she did not express any indignation at the wickedness of her neighbours, as it was evident to her that remonstrance would be lost upon such incorrigible sinners ; but it grieved her to the soul to think she must appear at the resurrection in the company of such wretches.”

ZIMMERMAN observes in his second Essay on Solitude, which, by the way, I can by no means recommend with that warmth I have expressed ‡ in favour of the first part, that “ In the unvaried stillness and stagnation which reign in small and remote country places, too frequently lie buried an acrimony and rage of the passions, rarely observed in great cities.” He then remarks on “ the

‡ A Piece of Family Biography, vol. i.

mean

After our friends had taken leave of the musical family, and the merchant had privately informed Barclay that he hoped he should often be favoured with his company, Miss Phyllis ran up to her mother, and whispering in her ear, she turned round to the parson, and said,

“ Brother, you know you and your family are engaged to dine and spend the evening here to-morrow, to commemorate our wedding-day !”

As she said, she looked at her husband—he sighed, and she proceeded :

“ I hope you will not forget to bring Mr. Temple with you. I trust he will not refuse to join our band !”

mean subterfuges they court to save themselves from the wearisome discontent for ever impending over them : the extreme dearth of their ideas ; the avidity with which they resort to the card-table ; *and the patient and indefatigable vigilance with which, from morning to night, they act the spy upon the uninteresting inanity of each other's lives, and chronicle the most trivial and indifferent actions !*”

Barclay bowed respectfully.

“ Yes, yes, you must come ;” cried the merchant.

That he would be welcome, was evident in the looks of every one present, but those of the Abbé ; who viewed him with a jealous eye, but was still fervilely obsequious.

“ I am much flattered by your politeness,” replied Barclay, “ and shall certainly do myself the honour of waiting upon you !”

Penelope, Barclay, the parson, and his dog, now quitted the seat of harmony, and directed their way homeward. They had not gone far, however, before their ears were saluted by a hymn ; sung, it was very clear, by no heavenly choir, but by some of Nature’s children, as far removed from angels as Heaven from earth. Barclay looked at Penelope, as much as to say, “ What, in the name of wonder, is this ?”

She

She smiled ;—the little dog barked ; pricked up his ears ; and stood still.

“ What are you afraid of,” said the parson, speaking to the dog ; “ you silly little thing, don’t you know your old friend Nathan ?”

As he pronounced these words, they turned a corner, and saw Nathan, the sexton, followed by four uncouth-looking clowns and three boys, chaunting, like Virgil’s shepherds, to deceive the way. The moment they espied the parson, they all left the path and stood in the road, with their hats off ; while STERNHOLD and HOPKINS’s pious strains died away upon their lips.

“ Well, Nathan,” said the parson, “ so you are going to my sister’s for her instruction.”

“ Yes, sir,” replied Nathan, “ we be main perfect now in the psalm, but the anthem (I think she calls it) which madam has given us we can’t touch at

G 6

all.

all. Dang it, there is such running up here, and running down there, as you never heard in all your life. I do think, sir, as how that it ban't religious. When Madam, Miss Phyllis, and Master Stephen sung it, it seemed to me much more liker a country-dance than a psalm-tune. Didn't it, Giles ?" continued he, addressing one of the choristers.

" A mortal deal, Master Nathan," replied Giles, " a mortal deal, indeed ; but I be sorry we cou'dn't larn 'em too, 'cause of madam's promise !"

" What did she promise you ?" asked the parson.

" Why, an please you, sir," said Nathan, she promised us as much ale as we could drink, if we larnt it well ; but now we can't sing a note of the anthem, we shan't taste a drop of the beer."

" Well, there's no great harm in that," rejoined the parson. " But I am sorry to see that my sister impresses
you

you with the idea that you are only worthy of getting drunk when you sing psalms well. However, go to her, and if she does not give you any ale because you cannot sing the anthem, come to me ; and I will take care, if you behave well, that you shall not want as much as will do you good."

C H A P. X.

Drawing.—The pleasure Barclay derives from it.—“Delicious instillations of Love.”—What Mrs. Pawlet suffered.—She complains of the loss of the ancient primitive manners,—reads the parson a lecture.—Homer mangled.—Mrs. Pawlet proud of her cowardice, and why.—She follows a common mode of translating.—Charity.—What they did at the parsonage after supper.

As our friends continued their way, the parson told Barclay, that they had originally no singing in the church, but that, to oblige his sister, he had permitted her to drill a number of the most musical of the peasants for that purpose. “They
make

make sad work of it," said he, "but, bad as it is, I believe it entices many to come to church who would otherwise stay away ; therefore I pass it over as a necessary evil. It would be more bearable," he added, "if my sister would keep them to the simple church music, but she often quits this for such as the poor fellows can never get through.—Beside, she gives them sometimes so many things to sing, that they are as long again singing as I am preaching. However, it is all meant for the best ; and I let them do as they like."

Chatting in this manner they came to the church, when Penelope observed that Mrs. Pawlet had retired from Olympus much earlier than common. The parson instantly took out his watch, and seeing that it wanted an hour to dinner-time, was very much surprised at his wife's having left the hill so much sooner than usual ; but hoping that no accident
had

had happened, he proposed that they should wander about the hills, and enjoy the prospects for half an hour, before they returned. This was readily agreed to ; and, amongst other things, the parson pointed out the different views Penelope had taken from that spot. Barclay was warm in his encomiums on them ; and especially praised her taste in selection, and the accurateness of her drawing.

“ Indeed,” said Penelope, “ I have done nothing, having left the most beautiful parts undone. The view now from hence,” continued she, “ is the most delightful that can be imagined ;—I long to have it ; but it is so extensive, and embraces so many objects, that I feel I have no skill or power to accomplish it.”

“ You are too diffident,” replied Barclay, “ but such will always be the case with true merit. If I thought you would not think it presumption in me to attempt what you unjustly fear you should
not

not be able to perform ; I could wish, since you say you desire to have it, to try whether I could execute it, so as not to be entirely unworthy of your acceptance."

" Can you draw ?" exclaimed Penelope, her eyes sparkling with pleasure.

" Yes, a little !" replied Barclay.

" Oh ! then," said she, " you have been laughing prettily at me, all the time you have been complimenting my silly works !"

" No, upon my honour," rejoined Barclay, " they discover taste, and genius, which might be brought to great perfection !"

" We have no master about us," said the parson, " or she should not want instruction. I hope you will lend Pen your assistance !"

" Most willingly," replied Barclay, " if I am not unworthy !"

During the period they were conversing,

ing, our hero had taken paper and pencil out of his pocket, and was delineating the surrounding scene in small, to be afterward done on a larger scale ; and, as he proceeded with great ease, the parson looking over one shoulder, and Penelope over the other, the former could not help exclaiming, “ Oh ! you are quite a proficient,—you must be my Pen’s master !”

“ Yes ! yes, indeed !” ejaculated Penelope, whose thoughts were wholly taken up with the drawing. Barclay’s heart leaped within his bosom at the words—he fixed his eyes on hers ;—she recollected herself, and blushed.

The parson being free from suspicion, as his heart was free from guile, took no notice of the feelings of the young folks ; but kept his thoughts entirely employed on the landscape Barclay was describing.

Our hero never enjoyed more delight,

light,—Penelope was never more happy. She leaned over him while he sat on the hill, and their congenial souls seemed to mingle, and feel but one impulse. From this moment they became more intimate, and enjoyed, in a greater degree, “ those calm and delicious infillations of Love which are a foretaste of immortality *.”

The reader may perhaps not enter into the merits of these “ delicious infillations of Love ;” but if he consider the situation of Barclay, occupied by one he loved, in doing that which she hung over him with delight while he performed, and yet cannot conceive the meaning of these words, but still continues to question me about them, I must reply with ROUSSEAU, “ Inquire no more ! What does it import thee to know what thou canst never feel † ?”

* MR. FELLOWS, p. 171.

† On the word *genius*.

In this happy state, touching and re-touching the drawing, according to his own skill or Penelope's suggestion, they remained until the parson informed them that they had trespassed considerably beyond their time, having staid a quarter of an hour later than their dinner-hour.

"Come, come," said he, "let us hasten home,—Mrs. Pawlet will be displeased!"

He was right in his conjecture. Mrs. Pawlet was displeased, and in a state of great trouble; but from a very different cause from that which he imagined. What that was will soon be known; I am too good a soul to tease the reader, by keeping her in suspense. However, there are some things which, in spite of all his penetration, must remain a secret until the end of the work.

They were soon ready to obey the parson, and presently descended the hill to the parsonage. At the gate, on inquiring

quiring of the maid whether her mistress was come in, they were told, " That she had been home some time, and had been complaining ever since her return ; but what accident she had met with, the servant said she could not surmise, as she had not uttered a word of English in all her lamentations."

" Bless me !" ejaculated the parson, " I feared something wrong !—Where, where is she ?" ~

" In the parlour, sir," replied the maid ; and instantly the parson and Penelope ran to hear the cause of her complaint. Barclay followed.

They found Mrs. Pawlet sitting in one corner of the room, with a book on her knees. Her mind was in its usual state of abstraction ; and it was long before the parson, using every tender expression he could think of, could bring her to give any account of what had happened to her. At length she confessed that she had been robbed.

" Robbed !"

“ Robbed !” exclaimed the parson.

“ Yes,” said she, “ robbed ! basely, and ignobly robbed !”

“ Who could it be ?” rejoined the parson, “ and what did they rob you of ? I hope they did not lay violent hands on you !”

“ No, no ;” said she, “ they laid no violent hands on me——”

“ Thank Heaven !” interrupted the parson.

“ No !” continued she, “ they merely came for base lucre. Such are the days we live in ! How different from the ancient primitive manners !—Then a woman might have been ravished ; but never robbed !”

“ Pen, run and order the dinner, my dear !” cried the parson, his cheeks burning, and not knowing how his wife’s story might terminate.

Mrs. Pawlet entered into an elaborate account of primitive manners, and to her own satisfaction clearly proved how much
men

men had degenerated. And getting from the manners of men into their actions, and their size, and quoting HOMER on the occasion, she read the parson such a lecture on his diminutiveness, when compared with men of former days, as lasted until tea-time, but not without causing the parson to pay a great deal of attention to his dog, and to pat and talk to him perpetually. Although the parson was the subject of this harangue, it was more particularly addressed to Barclay, to shew off the speaker's erudition. At tea, however, they obtained from her some further information respecting the robbery. It appeared that some lurking fellows had observed her daily visits to an unfrequented part of the hill, and had resolved to plunder her, which they had effected.

“ They took my purse,” said she, “ but that I cared little about, for it may easily be replaced ; but how shall
I recall

I recall the many excellent reflections I had noted in the pocket-book which they carried off ; imagining, I suppose, that it contained bank-notes, or some such trash."

Barclay's humour was tickled at the mention of the invaluable memorandum-book, but he did not think it proper to let her know that she had left it behind her.

"Góths, and Vandals, as they are !" she exclaimed, " what was of no use to *them* they destroyed. My beautiful little pocket Homer, which I had with me, one of them opened ; and not being able to comprehend it, he called me an old witch, and tearing it to pieces, strewed all Olympus with the mangled poet's limbs !"

Penelope hoped she was not much alarmed.

"Alarmed, child !" cried Mrs. Pawlet ; " exceedingly ! and as soon as I could

could, ran away at full speed. DEMOSTHENES, ARCHILOCHUS, HORACE, CICERO, were all cowards, Mr. Temple," said she ; " and shall I be ashamed of being one also ! I glory in it. DEMOSTHENES himself has said, and he felt the truth of it, that

Ανὴρ ὁ Φεγγων παλιν μαχησεται.

which is well expressed in our old distich,

He that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day.

And believe me, sir, that XENOPHON *, though otherwise a writer I much admire, was a fool when he affirmed that οἱ δὲ Φεγγοντες ἀποθνήσκουσι μάλλον τῶν μενοντων, *those who fly are sooner killed than those who stay.*"

" Your interpretation is ingenious,"

* De Cyri Instit. l. iii. p. 175. HUTCHIN.

said our hero, " but with deference to your opinion, Madam, I conceive XENOPHON'S sense to be this, *Those who cowardly retreat are more likely to be slain than those who boldly fight it out.*"

Mrs. Pawlet screwed herself up, and listened to Barclay, with pleasure glistening in her eye, while he expounded the passage.

" Right, sir," she rejoined ; " you are undoubtedly right, Mr. Temple ; but in construing it as I did, it must be owned that I merely followed a very prevailing custom. I turned it so as to answer my purpose."

Here her face assumed a pedantic grin, and she was going to enter into a long detail of the manner in which the Jews interpreted the Bible to answer their own ends, when the servant came in to inform the parson that a poor woman who was almost dying wished for his assistance. His humanity never slumbered ;
and

and though he had to cross the hills in not the most agreeable weather, he obeyed the summons. His heart was a cheerful companion to him on the way ; and glowing with charity and benevolence, amply rewarded him for all the pains he underwent to relieve those who laboured under sorrow and affliction. Barclay offered to accompany him, but was pleased to hear the worthy parson say :

“ No, no ; you remain here, and entertain the ladies. By the time I return, I expect you will have made great progress in the view you took before dinner. You furnish Mr. Temple with paper, Pen, and learn all you can of him.

“ Yes, sir ; that I will !” replied Penelope, following the parson out of the room to fetch a sheet of drawing-paper, pencils, India rubber, and other necessary articles to begin the operation.

During their absence, Mrs. Pawlet

being inquisitive to know what they were going to do, Barclay informed her that he had studied drawing in the University at his leisure hours, and that he had taken a view from the church to oblige Miss Penelope, to whom he should be happy to afford all the instruction in his power. She admired his taste for the polite arts ; and talked, for some minutes after Penelope's return, of their origin and progress, till finding she could not proceed any further, she left our young friends to pursue their drawing, and retired to a distant part of the room, " to endeavour," as she said, " to recollect those scattered reflections which the villains had deprived her of by stealing her memorandum-book."

Assisted by the remarks and recollection of Penelope, Barclay continued his work. Their delight was mutual. As the objects grew into life upon the paper, Penelope exulted ; and Barclay,
in

in his turn, exulted at being the cause of pleasure in her he loved. Indeed, if there be one happiness greater than another, it is that which he felt !

Yet amidst their felicity would a sigh sometimes escape them ; but it was a sigh occasioned by the excess of pleasure, fearing for its duration.

They enjoyed the interval of the parson's absence with exquisite zest ; and on his return, it being supper-time, they supped ; and afterward, as it will happen in the best regulated families, they went to bed.

C H A P. XI.

The parson with the poker and tongs.—Mrs. Pawlet with Virgil.—Animals that gather children from leaves.—She is attacked.—Resolves to kill a bull.—Why she gives up the idea.—Watts, Lionardo, and Young, quoted to prove that we are the ancients.—Why we are led to think the ancients were wiser than we are.—In what instance they are so.—Description of a Roman beauty.—By whom wigs were commonly worn in Rome.—A French lesson.—The Abbé's confusion.—Rousseau, and Voltaire.—An apophthegm well applied to their genius.

AFTER breakfast the next morning, Mrs. Pawlet and Barclay, as before, withdrew to the library, there to pursue their respective

spective studies. They had not been there long, however, before their curiosity was excited by a great bustle below stairs. Mrs. Pawlet consequently rang the bell, and was presently informed that the noise was occasioned by the parson, who had just learned from the gardener that his bees had swarmed. The moment Mrs. Pawlet heard this, she stalked up to the further end of the study, and whipping Virgil under her arm, bolted out of the room. Barclay, curious to see the bees swarm, followed her into the garden. Immediately Mrs. Pawlet saw the parson, she exclaimed,

“Tinnitusque cie, et matris quate cymbala circum!”*

“I have no cymbal, my dear,” said the parson, “but here comes the gar-

* Mix with tinkling the cymbal’s droning sound. DRYDEN.

H 4

dener

denier with the poker and shovel, and that must answer the purpose."

The parson now began beating away; and the bees gradually collected together and hung from the bough of a tree. Mrs. Pawlet, having during this time seated herself on a bench, began the fourth Georgic, which she read aloud, notes and all, commenting herself also as she proceeded. Penelope was absent.

"It was a doubt," said Mrs. Pawlet, "with ARISTOTLE whether the bees assembled together on hearing the sound of brass, through fear, or joy. PLATO and PLINY, I find, attributed it to the latter: VARRO and COLUMELLA to the former. I am with the *Attic* MOSES—I am with PLATO."

"Well, my dear!" said the parson, "and not in the present case care what was the cause, so that the effect was good, "I see they are very quiet now,

now, and if I could but catch the queen-bee, all would soon be right."

"Why do you call it the queen?" cried Mrs. Pawlet. "VIRGIL expressly says, *Rex*, the king. I know the moderns, who will always be pretending to discoveries, say that they suffer but one queen-bee; and that the business of preserving the species is entirely carried on by her and the drones.—But I am shocked at this, and prefer siding with the more modest Virgil:

"———è foliis natos et suavibus herbis.
Ore legunt, ipsæ regem, par - - - *"

Here she was interrupted by the parson exclaiming,

"Bless me! there she goes again.—

* "In their mouths reside their genial powers,
They gather children from the leaves and flowers,
Thus make they kings to - - -"

DRYDEN.

There—there. She has fixed upon Mrs. Pawlet, as I live ! Sit still, my dear, don't move for the world, and they won't hurt you."

Mrs. Pawlet had not time to inquire what he meant before her left shoulder and arm were entirely covered with bees. She was alarmed ; but the parson entreating her not to touch them, and that then there was no danger, she sat still, perspiring though apprehension, until they were all settled. The parson now seized the queen-bee and put her into a hive, whither the swarm soon followed, and relieved Mrs. Pawlet from her fright. I should have said, however, that previous to this event she had abused the parson for taking so much pains about recovering his bees ; affirming that she could produce him any quantity he pleased, according to VIRGIL, from the putrefied bowels of bulls *. This the

* Georg. iv. v. 555.

parson listened to with his usual temper, but still in his mind treated it with all the disrespect it deserved. However, Mrs. Pawlet declared that she would kill a bull at her own expence, to cure the scepticism she saw in her husband, notwithstanding his manner; but this late accident had given her such a surfeit of bees, that she resolved to have nothing more to do with them.

Being clear of the swarm, she shut her VIRGIL, and returned with Barclay to the library, conversing on the obstinacy of those presuming moderns who prefer themselves to the sagacious ancients.

“An author,” said Barclay, “whom you justly esteem, the pious Dr. WATTS, has this observation, “It is granted that the ancients had many wise and great men among them, and some of their writings, which time hath delivered down to us, are truly valuable: but those writers lived rather in the *infant state of*

the world ; and the philosophers, as well as the polite authors of our age, are properly *the elders*, who have seen the mistakes of the younger ages of mankind, and corrected them by observation and experience *."

Although opposed, Mrs. Pawlet heard Barclay with delight, for the character she had received of him made her hold him in great respect. Not being able to refute Dr. WATTS's argument, she took her memorandum-book from her pocket, and attacked it in a different way.

" I recollect the passage very well, Mr. Temple," said she, " but let us examine whether the idea it contains belongs to the doctor. I think I can prove the contrary." Here she stood still, and opening her tablets, read, " At page 47, vol. i. LIONARDO DI CAPOA has these words, Noi veramente siam da dire i vecchj,

* Watts's Logic, p. 221.

&c. To speak the truth, we are the elders, and the ancients who are born in the old world, and not those who were born when the world was in its infancy and youth, must by experience have known less than we do *. Eh," cried Mrs. Pawlet, exultingly, "is not it so?"

"So it appears," replied Barclay, "but surely the repetition of the same sentiment disproves nothing!"

Mrs. Pawlet made no reply, but pursed up her mouth and raised her eye-brows; as much as to say, I believe you're right. Barclay proceeded:

* If WATTS was indebted for this thought to LIONARDO, Dr. YOUNG was probably obliged for it to WATTS.

"Why should it seem altogether impossible," says he, "that Heaven's latest editions of human mind may be the most correct and fair; that the day may come, when the moderns may proudly look back on the comparative darkness of former ages, on the children of antiquity; regarding HOMER and DEMOSTHENES, as the dawn of Divine genius; and ATHENS as the cradle of infant fame?"

Conjectures on Original Composition, p. 74.

"I am

“ I am apt to think,” continued he, “ that the little regard some men have for persons of their own age arises from a vanity inseparable from the weak (such alone treat slightly the wisdom of any age, remote or present), which inclines them to think themselves as wise as any of their contemporaries, and feeling that they are not so shrewd as the ancients, consequently imagine that none can be so that exist with them. Added to this, they see the best of those who are dead, and none of their faults ; whereas they have an opportunity of contemplating the frailties of the living, which draws a veil over their beauties, and in a great degree destroys the relish for their works. They cannot esteem the precepts, however noble and good, of a man whose life and conduct give proof that he sets no value on them himself.

“ In this one respect, it is true, the ancients were wiser than we are. They never

never rejected wisdom and useful discoveries because they were new. One school rose over the head of another, and was constantly preferred; inasmuch as it exposed the absurdities of its predecessor, and displayed its superior merits to the eye of truth and reason.

———*Si tam Græcis novitas invisa fuisset,
Quam est nobis, quid nunc esset vetus * ?*”

Mrs. Pawlet looked at our hero with pleasure and amazement, as he delivered his sentiments with energetic warmth, and a quotation occurring to her mind, she abandoned the argument, and exclaimed,

“*Quæ nunc vetustissima, &c †* : what are now believed to be the most ancient of things, were once new. Our age will

* If the Grecians had been so inimical to novelty as we are, what would now be old ?

† Tacitus.

grow

grow old, and what we in the present day behold taken from examples, will hereafter be examples themselves."

Barclay apprehending that he might have said rather too much, softened it down by praising the aptness of her quotation, which pleased her exceedingly, and they returned to the library on the best terms imaginable.

This day the whole family were invited, we recollect, to pass the day at Mr. George Pawlet's, to celebrate the period of his nuptials. This being a constant custom, Mrs. Pawlet had long thought of it, and made great preparations for the occasion ; but such preparations as the reader will not easily guess. They had not been re-seated in the library above half an hour when Mrs. Pawlet sprung from her chair, and marching up to Barclay, addressed him in the following manner :

" Mr. Temple, I have a great opinion
of

of your good sense, and of course suppose that you despise all outward embellishment of the creature.—I do so as much as yourself.—Let others decorate themselves with all kinds of gew-gaws; though I put on none of these, yet shall not I be the less adorned ! For as we read in Proverbs,” (here she gave the original, with which I shall not plague either the printer or the reader) “ *Gold, and abundance of rubies and precious ornaments, are the lips of knowledge **.” “ Such I prefer,” continued she ; “ but, in conformity to the custom I see prevalent on festive days, I mean to appear in a dress that will not a little surprise ; and if there is any true and classical taste left, will, I think, not a little delight. The Grecian costume is too commonly worn to deserve my attention, and I have consequently, to be as original as

* xx. 15.

possible,

possible, chosen the Roman. I shall follow PETRONIUS in every particular. I have consulted my features, and have no doubt but that I shall realize all he describes." Saying this, she turned on her heel, and retired to perform what she had intimated; leaving Barclay smiling at her monstrous absurdity and vanity. That the reader may have some idea of the figure Mrs. Pawlet was about to make of herself, I shall translate the model she had in view.

DESCRIPTION OF A ROMAN BEAUTY.

No words can express her beauty — whatever I shall say will be less than she deserves. Her tresses curling naturally, diffused themselves all over her shoulders: her forehead was small *, and ex-

* This was considered as absolutely necessary to beauty.

posed

posed the roots of her hair * ; her eyebrows extended as far as the top of her cheeks, and almost joined over her nose : her eyes were brighter than the stars shining in the absence of the moon ; her nose a little aquiline ; and her mouth such as PRAXITELES believed Venus possessed.—To end ; her face, her neck, her hands, and her feet, which were laced with a small golden band, for whiteness eclipsed the Parian marble †.

After conforming to these particulars as much as possible, she was, instead of

* The hair was turned back to shew that she did not wear a wig, an article commonly worn in Rome by women of loose character ; so much so, that when a matron was obliged to wear one, as the former had theirs made of a bright yellow colour like gold, she to distinguish herself chose black.

“ See,” says the annotator to PETRONIUS, “ SERVIUS on the 590th verse of the fourth Æneid ; and TERTULLIAN in his Treatise on the Ornaments of women.”

† A marble of surprising whiteness.

her

her common, to wear a *stola*, or large vest that came down to her ancles, first twisting *fasciæ*, or thin sashes round her body, next to her skin, to make her appear slender; and in this particular she was sure to succeed admirably.

When Mrs. Pawlet had left Barclay, he thought himself at liberty to retire also. He rose, accordingly, without knowing precisely whither he was going; but it may be guessed he had a secret hope that in straying about he might, by chance, meet with Penelope. He descended the stairs, and opening the parlour door without being observed, he saw the Abbé sitting by Penelope, who was reading French to him. The work they were perusing was *La Nouvelle Heloise*; a book that breathes all the ardent spirit, and fascinating eloquence of its author *. They had just come

* J. J. ROUSSEAU, p. 50, vol. i.

to the end of a letter to Julia, which the Abbé desired her to repeat after him.

“ Ah, c’est joli !” he exclaimed, “ dat’s pretty—Now you say again.” Je ne puis plus vivre dans l’état où je suis, et je sens qu’il faut enfin que j’expire à tes pieds—ou dans tes bras *

Barclay was behind them, and could not therefore see the expression of the Abbé’s face during this repetition, but his manner was not such as pleased him.

“ I hope I do not intrude,” said Barclay, not wishing to be caught acting as a spy.

“ Hearing his voice they both instantly turned round. The Abbé appeared confused, but Pénelope seemed happy to see him, as he had been continually in her thoughts during the whole time she had been reading the loves of Julia.

* I can no longer live in my present state, and I feel that I must at last either expire at your feet——or in your arms !

“ Not

“ Not at all,” she replied, moving her chair from the table. “ Monsieur l’Abbé and I have done for to-day !”

“ What has been the subject of your morning’s study ?” said Barclay, taking the book from the table, and opening it.

“ *Jean Jacques, Monsieur !*” answered the Abbé.

“ The language here is very glowing,” said Barclay ; *thoughts that breathe, and words that burn** ; and the descriptions

* VOLTAIRE, who was ROUSSEAU’S great enemy, confessed, to use his own words, the only ones he ever spoke in his favour, that *sa plume brûloit le papier*,—his pen burned the paper. I can ascribe VOLTAIRE’S enmity to ROUSSEAU to nothing but envy. He was envious of so formidable a rival in falsehood, infidelity, and irreligion. ROUSSEAU may boast of his feelings, and his exquisite sensibility ; but when I find him abandoning his infant children, suppressing all the affection of a father, and for ever solving every tie that could bind them together ; when I find him doing this I say, however plausibly he may gloss it over with words, I cannot help saying

scriptions not such as I should like to put into the hands of every young lady ; but Miss Penelope has so much innocence

saying that I despise his vaunted feelings, and ridicule his affected sensibility. When he took refuge in England, HUME tells us that our king allowed him a hundred a year, with which, added to a hundred Louis per annum of his own, he might have lived quietly with his *gouvernante*, in a retreat afforded him by a Mr. DAVENPORT in Derbyshire. But, no ; he could never be at ease ; he fancied himself persecuted by his enemies.—Is it not probable that he was merely persecuted by the furies of his own conscience ?

“ To make assurance doubly sure,” I shall advance another trait that can leave no doubt of the *feeling, and delicacy* of ROUSSEAU. In his *Confessions* he does not scruple to acknowledge that he and another kept a girl between them †.

Talking of ROUSSEAU and VOLTAIRE, however, I must in justice say that they were men of wonderful talent and genius ; which excellent qualities they employed the greatest pains to

† Les Confessions, liv. vii. vol. xxxi. p. 107. Genève. With this girl, I should observe, they never had any more improper commerce than the two Elders had with Susannah. But, why ? Because she was but fourteen years old when they purchased her of her mother, and as she grew up they became ashamed of themselves, and abandoned their primary intention.

misapply,

cence and virtue, that all these things may pass through her mind, "leaving no stain behind."

Barclay kept his eye on the Abbé while he spoke, who felt the awkwardness of his situation, but was going to reply, when he was interrupted by Penelope, who said :

"I don't know, Mr. Temple, that this is an improper book for me to read. All I have met with in it I am sure the heart may feel. But if it is wrong to read it, Monsieur l'Abbé is to blame, for I obey his instructions."

The Abbé now began to defend himself by saying,

"Dat it was de pure French, and dat Mademoiselle no read for de matter, but for *de langage*, and *de prononciation*."

misapplying,—so much so, that they cannot be better described than by an apophthegm mentioned in the Adages of ERASMUS.

Bené currunt, sed extra viam ;—They run well it is true, but they run the wrong way !

"I thank

“ I thank you, Monsieur,” said Penelope, “ but I must confess that I took no inconsiderable interest in the matter.”

Here the Abbé found some succour, by the parson’s entering the room, who said,

“ Well, well ; now the bees are all quiet and safe, and I believe ’tis time for us to go^o and dress.”

The Abbé took the hint, and putting his ROUSSEAU into his pocket, made several obsequious bows and withdrew. Barclay could not forgive him.

C H A P. XII.

The parson's surprise at seeing Mrs. Pawlet.—How she goes.—The post-boy.—His observation on young ladies.—A letter from Von Hein.—The consequence.—Their reception at Mr. G. Pawlet's.—An epigram.—One madman cured by seeing a greater.—A grand piece of music composed for the occasion.—The liberties Mrs. George takes in composition.—Her apology for it.—Remarks concerning writers on music.—Mrs. Pawlet recommends several to Mrs. George.—Boethius, dinner, and Noah's ark.

IN proper time the parson and Barclay were equipped, and waiting for the ladies to depart. Penelope soon appeared in a dress wherein chastity, beauty, elegance, and

and grace, seemed to contend with each other for the mastery. Barclay had not neglected his toilet, but was equally gay and engaging. At length Mrs. Pawlet made her entrée. To use the language of PETRONIUS, which he applied to the Roman beauty, I may justly say that no words can give any idea of her appearance. Whatever I shall say will be poor, and insufficient to describe her.

The moment the parson cast his eyes upon her, he ejaculated,

“ Oh dear ! oh dear ! oh dear ! ” and walked about the room, shaking his head from one side to the other, like a mandarine.

Penelope looked first at her, and then at Barclay, who turned toward the window, holding his handkerchief to his mouth.

“ Ah ! ” said Mrs. Pawlet, at last, “ I thought I should surprise you ! ”

“ You do, indeed, my dear !” replied the parson, “ you do, indeed !”

“ You laughed at my former dress,” said she, “ and I was resolved——”

“ To make us laugh more,” interrupted the parson.”

“ Mr. Pawlet,” said she seriously, “ I did not expect this language from you ; but your ignorance, and your——”

“ My dear !” cried the parson, sorry for what he had said, “ I did not mean any thing : but do you really intend to go in that dress ?”

“ Yes, sir,” replied Mrs. Pawlet, “ and if it were not for your cloth, it would be well if you would conform to it.”

“ Well, but, my dear, how do you go ?” said he ; “ you can’t walk along the village in that robe !”

“ No,” she rejoined, “ I shall not walk—I shall go in your gig, which
I have

I have ordered, and Peter will drive me!"

"Well, well!" said he, "e'en let it be as you like!"

The gig was at the door—the parson put her in; and Peter, with his eyes and mouth wide open, and sitting as far from her as he could, drove off.

"Heaven preserve the poor soul from harm!" exclaimed the parson, returning; "was there ever such a whim?"

Mr. Pawlet, Penelope, and Barclay, now set out on foot. The little greyhound having proved that he had no ear for music, was left at home. As they reached the summit of the hill they perceived a boy advancing.

"Ah! here comes the post," cried Penelope, "I am sure 'tis a letter for me!"

"Your post comes in very late," said Barclay.

"Yes," replied the parson; "owing

to our living out of the great road, we never have our letters till late in the day."

By this time they came up to the boy.

"Well, James!" said Penelope, "you have a letter for me to-day, I hope!"

"Yes, miss," replied the lad, "I have one for you to-day—there it is! Zooks," continued the little arch rogue, "how pretty and happy you look when I have a letter for you; and how disappointed you are when I have not. Well, do you know, that 'tis just the same with all the other young ladies in the village; when I have letters for them, they are ready to eat me; and when I have none, they are ready to kill me: so that I have often thought, do you know, of writing letters to them myself, rather than disappoint them. Well, but," added he, "I have another here for a Mr. Barclay Temple, at the Rev. Mr. Pawlet's."

"That's for me," cried Barclay.

The

The boy was dismissed.

Our hero cast his eyes hastily on the letter, and soon recognized the hand-writing of Keppel Von Hein. His hand trembled while he opened it. He felt that, by encouraging his love for Penelope, he had unwillingly wronged his friend! His heart acknowledged his unworthiness, and he coloured at the sight of those characters which would at any other time have filled him with joy.

Penelope had stood still to peruse her epistle; and the parson was permitted to look over it also. Barclay therefore collected himself, and proceeded to read his friend's letter, which announced, that he was, owing to some business, unable to be with him so speedily as he intended. "But," it continued, "my heart is with *you* and my Penelope. Write often to me about her. Tell her, that if I leave her now for a short time,

it is that when we meet again we may meet to part no more ! Without your friendship, Barclay, to solace and to comfort me, and without her love to soften and endear the passing hours, I need not say that I am unhappy and forlorn ! But patience awhile, and the time will come, when, in the society of you and my Penelope, in the bosom of friendship and of love, I shall find more joy and peace, than I fear my cross and untoward nature will suffer me at all times to participate.

Barclay wept as he read. Every word of his love for Penelope—every word of a friendship which he felt himself compelled, as it were, to betray, was a dagger in his heart.

The letter then concluded with the most tender and affectionate expressions of esteem.

“ Oh ! ” exclaimed Barclay to himself ;

“ oh !

“oh ! my friend ! could you find no less cruel way to kill me than by your kindness ? It tears me to pieces !”

A postscript followed, which was taken up with the complaints of Gregory ; who was represented as having been in a continual state of restlessness and uneasiness, ever since they had parted, and constantly begging to be permitted to come to him.

“ Well,” said the parson, interrupting Barclay, who stood with his eyes fixed on the letter ; “ well, I hope you have good news from your friends, Mr. Temple ? By the letter Pen has received, we learn that we shall soon be favoured with the company of a very amiable visitor.”

“ Yes, the most amiable woman in the world,” added Penelope.

“ I beg pardon,” cried Barclay, looking up at the sound of Penelope’s voice, “ excuse my inattention. I was entirely

taken up with what I have just been reading."

"Nothing unpleasant I trust?" said the parson.

"Oh, no!" replied Barclay, rallying, "it is from my friend Von Hein. I was thinking of the affection of an old servant of my father's, who has been very miserable, he tells me, since I left him, although we have not separated more than a week."

"Poor soul!" exclaimed the parson; "well, but when shall we see Mr. Von Hein?"

"He laments," rejoined Barclay, "that he cannot be with you so early as he intended; but he desires to be remembered to you all, especially to Miss Penelope. I will read you what he says, if you will give me leave."

Hère he placed himself opposite Penelope, by the side of the parson, whose attention he directed to the letter by pointing

pointing to the part he was reading, which was what has been already related. As he read, he ever and anon cast his eyes on Penelope, whose face was quickly covered with blushes.

“ Very prettily expressed, indeed !” said the parson, when he had done ; “ there, my dear Pen, you hear how like a true-hearted lover he writes.”

Penelope held her head down ; the parson stooped to see the effect it produced on her countenance, and observing her blushes, put his hand under her chin, and smiling, said,

“ Well, bless you both ; I hope you’ll be happy.”

The worthy clergyman did not perceive the tear that dimmed the lustre of her eyes, and ascribed the glowing of her cheeks to a very different cause from that which had produced it.

Barclay’s happiness was overcast by cloudy thought, and a few moments had

turned all his joy into sorrow, and affliction of heart.

Penelope and Barclay were silent, while the parson persevered in talking of Koppel Von Hein until they came to his brother's mansion. Here the scene was changed. They had no sooner entered the gates than their ears were saluted by the voices of Nathan and the choristers, which accompanied them to the house. They sung, it appeared, an epithalamium set to music by Mrs. George. The words were by Miss Phyllis, who was the great poet of the family. I cannot oblige the reader with the epithalamium that was sung on this occasion; but that kind of composition was not the author's forte. Her talent was satirical, in the exercise of which few of her neighbours were spared; and, amongst others, the parson's wife came in for a very handsome share. I shall introduce a short epigram on the latter person

son by the way of a taste ; but I must first premise, that Master Stephen passed off all these productions of his sister for his own, and was weak enough to be very proud of them. This was on a certain defect in Mrs. Pawlet's vision, vulgarly termed squinting.

EPIGRAM.

Unsocial eyes ! they're plac'd within her head,
 Like man and wife, when six months tuck'd
 in bed :
 If this but moves, as " Let's be friends,"
 'twould say,
 That to its utmost limit runs away.

Though there was no great point in this,
 and there were few better from the same
 mint, yet they answered the purpose
 of displeasing the individuals they were
 written

written to ridicule, and that was deemed sufficient recompense for the pains of inventing them. Still, that the above is a correct description of Mrs. Pawlet's eyes I must confess ; but again, that the simile is true with respect to folks in bed, I must be allowed to doubt, since it is very contrary to my practice and experience.

When they entered the parlour, the mirth and astonishment at Mrs. Pawlet's appearance had a little subsided, as she had been there some time before them, owing to their delay. The musical family, however, were not more surprised at Mrs. Pawlet's dress, than our friends were at Mrs. George's, which was as outrageously absurd as the other's, being a complete Italian habit of the old school, which the wearer had brought over with her from Italy some twenty years before. VOLTAIRE, in his Commentary on the Marquis of BECCARIA's Essay on Crimes and

and Punishments, tells us this anecdote of SIMON MORIN. "He believed," says he, "that he was incorporated with Jesus Christ, and was consequently sent to a mad-house. There he found another fool who fancied himself God the father. Simon was so struck with the folly of his companion that he confessed his own, and for a time recovered his senses." Now one might have expected that the same effect would have been wrought on the Mrs. Pawlets; and that, shocked at their own extravagance in the person of each other, they would have renounced it, and reformed. But, no; they had all Simon's folly, and none of his sense to discover it.

After the common civilities of meeting were at an end, and the merchant had taken Barclay by the hand, and led him to the window-seat, and engaged him in conversation, his wife proposed till dinner-time to entertain the company

with a grand piece which she had herself composed for that day. Not so much from inclination as politeness, this was agreed to. The harmony was by the Abbé, who had also, to please Mrs. George, made out the parts for a band. The Abbé was absent at the Hon. Mr. Buckle's, as she informed them, and therefore she could not do it so much justice as she hoped to do it in the evening, when she expected his assistance. "Even then," said she, "you will have but a very imperfect notion of what effect a band would produce; however, we must do the best we can. I shall now," continued she, "endeavour to give you, by the means of my various stops, the best idea of it in my power." She then began a horrid *melange* that lasted five-and-twenty minutes, exclaiming every minute, "Here my horns—flutes—violins—clarionets—bassoons.—Now my full!" And here she thundered

dered away so as to deafen the whole assembly. Presently she requested the attention of the company to some particular movements.

“ Now *Gracioso—espressivo—fortissimo—pianissimo—agitato*—And here,” said she, “ I introduce a fugue ; and then I go, at once, from the key of C natural into seven flats, with several running fifths and eighths. That’s singular, but we modern composers take these liberties. Novelty, difficulty, and effect, are every thing with us !”

Shortly after, crying, “ Now my full again !” she concluded, greatly satisfying her friends that she had come to a conclusion.

During the time she had been playing, the parson’s wife had suffered a violent attack of envy, which never failed to assail her whenever any one, especially one of her own sex, seemed, or pretended, to understand any thing better than herself.

herself. She prided herself on being equally great on every subject, and was resolved not to let her sister's arrogance, as she conceived it, pass without a proper rebuke. To begin therefore, she hinted at the aid the Abbé had given her, and ended by saying, "That she was entirely ignorant of the theory, and only knew the practical part of music, which any infant or animal almost might learn."

Mrs. George defended herself, and said she had studied many works on thorough base.

"Nonsense!" cried the other, "there is not a man now a day who, if he comprehends any thing about music, can express himself so as to be intelligible to any body. I have seen plenty of your modern writers on music; and I believe no books contain so much ignorance and unintelligibility. Every one professes to do more than those who have preceded

ceded him, and he does so ; but how does he do it ? By being more obscure than the obscurity he pretends to elucidate. Each new treatise by these gentlemen, is, ‘ confusion worse confounded.’

Mrs. George confessed that they were not so clear as she could wish, but that still something might be learnt from them.

“ Yes,” exclaimed Mrs. Pawlet, “ confusion ! No ; if you wish to prosper in your study of music read ARISTOXENUS, EUCLID, NICOMACHUS, ALYPIUS, GAUDENTIUS, QUINTILIANUS, BACCHIUS, and CAPELLA, with the profound and instructive commentary of MARCUS MEIBOMIUS.”

“ I had rather be excused,” replied Mrs. George, smiling ; “ I leave them to you, sister, and shall content myself with less learned, and more homely authors.”

“ The obstinacy of ignorance !” cried the other ; “ you may learn as much music as can be learned by the fingers, but that

that which is acquired by the head you can have nothing to do with. You may produce harmony, but you will never comprehend what it is."

"Well, I am sure I am more excusable than you are then," said she, "for you comprehend it, and never produce it. But pray what is harmony, sister?"

"BOETHIUS *de Musica* tells us," replied Mrs. Pawlet, "that harmonica est———*"

"No Latin, pray!" cried Mrs. George.

"Well, then; 'harmony is a faculty examining the differences of acute, and grave sounds, by sense and reason.' But the *sense*, and *reason*, of music, and of every thing else indeed, seem entirely out of your sphere."

The servant at this moment announced that dinner was on the table.

"That's well!" exclaimed the parson;

* Lib. v. p. 1471, fol.

that's

that's a thing which generally puts an end to discord, and promotes harmony. Come ! on such a day as this it should reign in perfection ; and I hope it will."

Now, according to custom, he led Mrs. George by the hand into the dining-room : the merchant and the parson's wife, Master Stephen and Penelope, Barclay and Miss Phyllis, followed, pair after pair ; conforming to the example given by the inhabitants of Noah's ark, at their first entrance.

C H A P. XIII.

Mrs. Pawlet's sentiments on our animal nature.—The parson alarmed.—Miss Phyllis reprimanded.—Whether laughter is peculiar to man.—Mrs. Pawlet thinks otherwise.—Family jokes.—The Marseillois hymn.—Mrs. Pawlet's comment on it.—Variations.—Likenesses.—Who is she?—An accident, luckily of a laughable nature.—How always to keep well.—Which way to give advice.—Peter's legs.

AT table Mr. and Mrs. George Pawlet presided; the former sat at the bottom, and on his right hand the parson's wife, by whose side were seated Barclay and Miss Phyllis; the latter, of course
at

at the head of the table, had on her right hand the parson, and next to him master Stephen and Penelope.

The fare was sumptuous; and the parson in excellent spirits, with his usual good humour, endeavoured to inspire every one with the same propensity to conviviality that he felt himself. Master Stephen was troublesomely attentive to his neighbour. Barclay paid every proper respect to his; but could not recover the serenity of his mind. Still he was not miserable, for he was in the company of Penelope; and the looks they constantly exchanged made the festive board to them a feast of exquisite relish. The merchant, according to custom, was reserved and said little; his wife did the same, but not for want of good will, in which she was prevented by the loquacity of her learned sister, who refused to eat any thing, saying she had dined before.

“ Like

“ Like other animals,” added she, “ I eat when I am hungry, and so it formerly was with man

“ When wild in woods the noble savage ran ! ”

I see not why we should do otherwise now. I am convinced that every thing animals do to which they are prompted by nature is right. Why should we not follow them in gratifying hunger as we do in other things ? In our animal nature we have all things in common with the brute creation : we eat like them ; we drink like them ; we breathe like them——”

The parson became agitated.

“ We sleep like them ; we——”

“ My dear ! my dear ! ” exclaimed the parson, looking at her with a face that always disarmed her ; for at the same time that it told her not to go on, it seemed to petition it for her own sake.

She

She stopt.

Master Stephen and his sister burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter.

“ Phyllis, my love !” cried her mother, sharply, “ what are you laughing at ?”

Phyllis looked foolish, and was dumb.

Master Stephen, however, continuing his broad grin, Mrs. Pawlet neglected her former subject, and reprimanded his mirth as not only unpolite, but, as she expressed it, “ symptomatic of idiotism.”

“ But perhaps,” said she, “ you will tell me that to laugh is the peculiar privilege of man. If you think so, young gentleman, you are wrong. I know, indeed, that LUCIAN * observes, that an ass is not a laughing animal ; but I know also that he is opposed in this opinion by another author, who declares that an

* Ονος ε γελαστικον. Contrà disputat Theod. Marcil. ad Perf. Not. Bourdelot. ad Dialog. Vit. Aust.

als can laugh ; and from what I see," continued she, " I am much inclined to believe that he is in the right."

At these words master Stephen dropt his chin, and Mrs. Pawlet, in her turn, enjoyed the triumph.

The dinner being ended, the ladies, after taking a few glasses of wine, retired, and with the rest Mrs. Pawlet, who was fearful of exposing her learning to the pertness and folly of the young gentleman.

When they were gone, master Stephen placed himself in the chair opposite the merchant, and began to push the wine about ; and the conversation being a little slack (for the merchant was always a lost and silent man whenever any of his family was present), he retailed several of the scandalous tales of the village, which seemed to entertain him vastly. But perceiving, for he was in no need of what BACON calls *crooked wisdom*, name-

ly, *cunning*, that they were not relished by his companions, he soon desisted, and the conversation then became general; which being, like most other general conversation, scarcely worth listening to, and never worth reciting, I shall not repeat. They had barely time, however, to warm themselves with their wine before they were summoned to tea. On entering the drawing-room, they were received with a profusion of bows and compliments from the abbé, who had joined the party. The ceremony being over, he resumed his place by the side of Mrs. George, who was looking over some music. The young ladies were occupied in making the tea and coffee, in which they were assisted, or rather interrupted, by master Stephen. The parson and Barclay drew their chairs close to the tea-things, and partook of the chat of the table. At one corner of the room, in his arm chair, sat the merchant in a

state of moody silence ; and at another was seated Mrs. Pawlet, who, soon after they were met together, exclaimed

“ *Allons, Monsieur l'Abbé, le Marseillois !*”

The abbé instantly rose, and smiling as complacently as his features would permit him, took his violoncello, and accompanied by Mrs. George, at her own desire, played the Marseillois hymn, which seemed to give Mrs. Pawlet so much pleasure that she could not help occasionally chanting some of the words, such as *Allons enfans de la patrie*, and *Aux armes citoyens !* which she did so unharmoniously as to commit a horrid violence on Mrs. George's musical ear. When it was over she exclaimed,

“ Well, I do not wonder, Mr. Temple, at the effect this martial air produced on the French nation ; it reminds me strongly of that poem of SOLON beginning, ‘ *Let us march to Salamis !*’ which
inspired

inspired the Athenians with courage to return to the attack of a place they had abandoned and despaired of conquering."

"Yes, madam," replied Barclay, "and such was the ardour and intrepidity excited in the Lacedemonians by the war-like strains of TYRTÆUS, 'Our country's voice invites the brave,' &c *."

This pleased Mrs. Pawlet, and the jealous abbé hated him for it. She now continued on the same head until the tea-things were removed, when perceiving that her sister was preparing to play, she rose, and taking a candle, withdrew to the farther end of the room, where she sat for the remainder of the evening making diagrams in her pocket-book, without taking the least notice of any thing that passed.

The merchant, whose only amusement was a game at whist, in which he was

* LOWTH's Lectures on Hebrew poetry.

feldom indulged, observing what was going on, looked unusually gloomy. His wife seeing this, soon hit upon a method of bringing him into a better humour.

It is astonishing what trifles will sometimes sour and sweeten the dispositions of the best tempered, and the crossiest of men. I knew a very lusty man, of not the gentlest nature in the world, who used always to stay in the room till the last, that he might say, " though last, not *least* ;" and if this jest told well, he was pleasant and agreeable for the remainder of the day. Indeed there are *family jokes* in every house, which let the master crack, and every thing will go on smoothly. I have said that the merchant was true *Bull*, therefore, though a little melancholy, he did not want his great characteristic, *humour* ; which would shew itself sometimes, like the sun peeping from behind a cloud in a showery day, but very rarely, and then not very brilliantly.

His

His wife (and what wife does not!) knew full well her husband's weak part, and always attacked him on it when occasion required. Turning now to him therefore, she said, while fingering the instrument, " Well, Mr. Pawlet, how shall I amuse you?—I'll play as you please. Here's the Celestina, the Dulciana, and a variety of other stops. Which stop do you like best?"

" Which?" he replied, hoarsely, " why when you leave off!"

Here, though a serious man, and though he had cracked the joke a thousand times, he held his sides, and roared out haw! haw! haw!

His wife pretended to laugh too, as did also the abbé, although they both knew what was coming as well as they did that they were laughing at the merchant, and not with him. Knowing that she should now be permitted to proceed, she dashed into the piece of her

own composition which she had played before dinner, and, assisted by the abbé's violoncello, repeated it with redoubled fury. Master Stephen and Miss Phyllis were not allowed to join ; their mother's music being deemed too scientific for them. No one was suffered to utter a word for five-and-twenty minutes, excepting our hero and Penelope, whose language not being that of the tongue, but of the heart, can very eloquently express itself by means of the eyes.

At length it terminated, when, notwithstanding the thrumming of the abbé, who often overpowered the piano-forte, and was constantly warned with " not so loud, monsieur," the parson and the merchant were found fast asleep. Upon which master Stephen, having received a whisper from his sister, got up, and looking at the sleepers, cried,

" Who says that my mother can't compose ?"

After

After this, a number of pieces were played, and amongst other productions of her own, Mrs. George favoured the company with what she called *her variations to God save the king*.—And she called them rightly ; for they were *variations* in every sense of the word, since they preserved no more of *God save the king* in them, than they did of *Ally Croaker*.

During the long time they lasted, master Stephen, who had the vanity to imagine every woman doated on him, was very attentive to Penelope ; but his attentions were rather endured than enjoyed. On the other hand, Miss Phyllis (who, by the bye, was never so ugly as when she attempted to look pretty) was endeavouring, by all the graces and winning ways she could think of, to court the regard of Barclay. It being late in the evening, they took the

K 5 liberty

liberty of talking a little more than they did in the early part of it, but still in whispers.

“ Don’t you think Miss Penelope pretty ?” said she to Barclay ; and before he could reply, she added, “ Do you know I think the upper part of her face exceedingly like yours.”

Barclay would have dwelt with rapture on her beauty, if it had not been for the latter part of the speech ; but now he could merely say,

“ Oh, miss ! you laugh at me, surely.—There is just the same likeness between Miss Penelope and me, as between Heaven and earth !”

“ No, indeed !” she replied, “ there is much more. My mother noticed it, as well as myself. However, I must say that she has a knack at finding likenesses between every two persons she meets.”

“ There is no accounting for fancy,”
replied

replied Barclay, " but if it is really so, it only proves that there may be a something even in ordinary faces that may resemble beauty."

" Beauty !" cried Miss Phyllis, drawing up her neck ; " I said nothing about beauty—she is pretty, but I can say no more."

" Then her mind, and disposition—in gentleness and kindness," said Barclay, " how much do they resemble the worthy, and amiable Mr. Pawlet's !"

" She is good-natured enough, to be sure," she replied hastily, and somewhat displeased ; for no woman ever begins to talk of another's charms without expecting to have her own praised as far superior.

" But," continued Miss Phyllis, with a satirical gesture, " who is she ?"

Barclay was all curiosity to pursue the subject, when the music finishing, interrupted any further private conver-

fation between them, to his great mortification.

Monfieur l'Abbé, though employed during the evening in affifting Mrs. George, and turning over the mufic for her, was not without making his obfervations; and faw, with no fmall envy, that Barclay had fo crept into the good graces of both the young and the old ladies, as to make him tremble for the intereft he formerly had in them. He was too wary, however, to fhew the leaft difpleafure or uneafinefs before our hero. He knew, from the old French motto, that *patience paffe science*; and was refolved to exercife his, until a good opportunity fhould offer itfelf either to get rid of his rival, as he confidered him, or to deftroy his credit.

Now, after partaking of a cold collation, our friends prepared to return home. Peter and the gig were in waiting for Mrs. Pawlet; but ſhe having
again

again got into the subject of music, the parson, Penelope, and Barclay departed, without her supposing that she would soon overtake them. But in this they were deceived. As they approached the parsonage, the parson began to express his inquietude lest any accident should have happened. However, accounting for the delay by recollecting that he had left her haranguing, he became less alarmed. But after waiting half an hour in the house without seeing any thing of her, it occurred to him that Peter, who was in all probability intoxicated, could not find his way home. This no sooner struck him than he resolved to go on the hills with a candle and lantern, and try whether he could see any thing of them. Penelope and Barclay readily accompanied him, or rather followed, while he preceded, groping his way, with the light.

Penelope

Penelope accepted Barclay's arm, and for the moment all his cares were consigned to oblivion. They conversed together—their tongues uttering something—nothing—they knew not what ; until they were interrupted by the parson, who having reached the top of the hill, cried out to them to come to him.

“ Bless me,” said he, “ I am frightened out of my wits—I certainly heard a noise just now—listen !”

They listened, and hearing it again, presently concluded that they must bend their steps towards the mount. As they proceeded they heard the noise louder and louder, and on reaching Olympus, or the high hill, they distinguished Mrs. Pawlet's voice at the bottom.

“ Oh dear ! oh dear !” exclaimed the parson ; and they all hurried down, as fast as they could, to her assistance. When they arrived they beheld such a sight as
never

never eye beheld before ; for never before did lady dressed in a Roman habit ride in a gig on mount Olympus.

It appeared that Peter, having taken a very uncommon dose of the merchant's best ale, had missed the turning which led to the parsonage, and taken that which carried them over the hills. Mrs. Pawlet was engaged in deep thought, and never perceived it, till it being dark, and Peter driving too near the edge of the mount, pitched the chaise over ; when horse, gig, Mrs. Pawlet, and himself, in one indiscriminate scramble, rolled from the top to the bottom. Which got to the end first I cannot say ; but it was a devilish good race. Mrs. Pawlet roared lustily, until

*Olympus vast re-bellowed with the sound **

* Reboant sylvæque et magnus Olympus.

She

She had not been able to extricate herself from the chaise, with which her Roman vest had entwined itself. Therefore she lay with the chaise in one place, near which stood the horse, free from the traces, grazing ; and not far from him was Peter, extended on his back, snoring sonorously.

The parson hastened to relieve her, which he soon effected. The damage she had sustained was very immaterial, being fortunately only a little bruised ; but her fright was so excessive as to make her entirely forget her eccentricities, and desire to be led quietly home. The chaise had suffered most. It was smashed to pieces. The horse was of that description, which though hurt never so much, is never the worse for it. As for Peter, he was drunk, and of course no harm came to him. " Keep drunk, and you'll keep well," I have heard a bacchanalian

chanalian say ; and, indeed, experience seems to confirm the truth of this saying ; but still I only recommend it to those who like it. In truth, that's my method of recommending every thing to my friends. It is also the best way of giving advice, if you mean people to be pleased with you.

Nothing now remained to be done, but to rouse Peter from his nap, and to return home. While the parson and Penelope stayed to comfort Mrs. Pawlet, Barclay, therefore, went in search of him for that purpose.

" Holloa, my man !" cried he, shaking him till he awoke.

" I ca—— can't," muttered Peter, half awake and half asleep ; " I can't."

" Can't ? can't what ?" said Barclay, still shaking him.

" I can't drink any more," he replied ; " I can't indeed—honour !"

" No, no," rejoined Barclay, " that's
not

not what we want. We want you to get up, and go home."

"I can't," said Peter, struggling.

"No? can't you do that, neither?" replied Barclay.

"No, honour—honour—I can't."

"Why not, pray?"

"Because somebody has got hold of my legs," stuttered Peter.

"The deuce they have!" cried our hero, "we'll soon see who it is."

Saying this, he ran to the parson for the lantern, telling him that somebody had got hold of Peter's legs, and prevented his getting up.

Hurrying to his assistance, they perceived by the light of the lantern, that Peter had fallen asleep with his legs up to his knees, in a kind of a bog, or quagmire, which, not having sufficient strength to draw them from it, he imagined to be some one holding his legs.

This

This difficulty surmounted, they proceeded as well as they were able to the parsonage. The parson thanking Heaven, all the way he went, that nothing worse had happened.

C H A P. XIV.

The reader advised to go and take a walk.—Which is the most lost of all days.—What makes the author laugh.—The 10th of September.—A conundrum, and where an acrostic may be found.—A hint to ladies, not expected to be taken.—A horse and cart.—Which it is best to be.—Barclay's feelings with respect to the inhabitants of the parsonage.—Mrs. Pawlet proves herself to be no physician.—Why she has her teeth filed.—She is found lying on her back in the garden.—What the parson says to it.—What is most grateful to women in love.—Caricatures.—How a man should talk in courting.—What is curious in boney.—A confession.

SEPTEMBER 8, 1800.

I CAN'T write to-day ! The weather is so fine, and the sun shines so delightfully

fully into the room, that I must positively go and take a walk. If the reader's wife he'll do the same ; and as I shall not return to my work until the glass falls (for I make my hay when it rains) I would advise him to follow the example, and not to have any thing more to do with me until he is deprived of the salubrious breezes of a fine day. Wherever you are, my friend, either in town, or country, I wish you a pleasant walk, and agreeable thoughts. For my part, I am going to lounge in the streets of London, and, to tell you the truth, I prefer them to the fields of the country. I am for nature's best works, and like to study mind rather than matter. Men, women, and children, are therefore always more acceptable to me, than all the hills, dales, and limpid streams in the universe. I admire the man who exclaimed, " I have lost a day !" because he had neglected to do any good in the course of it ;

it ; but another has observed that “ the most lost of all days is that in which we have not laughed * ;” and I must confess that I feel myself greatly of his opinion. Farewell then, I go, and fear not, whilst I saunter in the busy haunts of men, that I shall have to complain of having lost a day because I have not exercised my risible faculties. It is my firm belief, that there is no worldly concern worth being serious about, even if that concern is one’s own ; but, when I see more than half the world, politicians especially, seriously busied about other people’s affairs, and things they do not in the least comprehend, how can I help laughing ? I cannot ; and the more serious they are, the more I will laugh. The moment I leave my home I shall call upon a next door neighbour of mine, a very opulent man, who never sits down

* La plus perdue de toutes les journées et celle ou l’on n’a pas ri.

to table without three courses. Well, I shall find him as melancholy as a mouse in a trap, complaining seriously of the scarcity of provisions. I shall keep my countenance as well as I can in his presence, but the instant I leave him I shall give way to my mirth, and, merry as a maggot in a cheese, jog on till I come to a bookfeller's shop. There I shall drop in—see some, with newspapers in their hands, debating the news of the day as if it were a matter of life and death; others looking over the new publications, probably written by their intimate friends, and abusing them with all the importance and gravity of criticism. I can't stay here long, 'tis clear, and if it were not for a little pity and indignation, that mingle themselves with the propensity I then feel to merriment, I should have broken out long before. Away I go—but, hold; I forget that I am really to go—enough—adieu.

SEPTEMBER

SEPTEMBER 10.

Clack, clack, clack ! ay, that will do. I hear the women's pattens going in the streets. This is the weather for an author. But, talking of women and clacking (indeed you cannot well mention one without the other), I'll first put a conundrum to the reader—"a conundrum?" you cry. Yes; if HOMER in an epic poem did not think it beneath him to make an acrostic *, why should I to put a conundrum? I cannot see,—therefore here it is. —Pray why is the letter R like a woman? consult the grammarians, and they'll give you this reason—Because wherever it is 'tis never silent †. SOPHOCLES, however, says that "silence is the

* The first five verses of the last book of the Iliad make an acrostic; on which see M. Anton. Muret. Var. lect. l. xiv. c. 13.

† "R. This letter is never silent." Sheridan's Profodial Grammar.

ornament

ornament of woman," and with that hint, a hint I never expect to be taken, I proceed to run my destined course.

Since our hero's arrival at the parsonage, I have been exceedingly minute in every particular that has occurred each day, at breakfast, dinner, and supper. By this means I have given, I think, a pretty good taste of the Pawlet family; but whether I have pleased by minuteness may be a matter of doubt, for as some complain if I digress, so do others if I march on in a right line, without even looking either to the right or to the left. Such is the difficulty of pleasing. There is an old proverb which says, "that it is better to be a horse than a cart;" but I am of opinion that this adage needs qualification, for I think the choice very much depends upon who drives. If I am to be driven by these good folks, who are all at once flogging me to go different ways, I must confess that I would

rather prefer being the cart than the horse. To please every body is, in my mind, as little desirable as it is possible. There are some I do not wish to please, and there are others whom I should be very sorry to displease, amongst which I include myself, and, trust me, it shall be my foremost care not to offend them.

The longer Barclay lived with his friends, the more he esteemed the mildness and charity of the parson, the more he loved the amiability and beauty of Penelope, and the more he pitied the extravagance and weakness of Mrs. Pawlet. In the parson there was nothing that did not demand his admiration. Indefatigable in his benevolent exertions in favour of the poor, the sick, and the oppressed, he lived without an enemy—loving all, and by all beloved. By the perpetual and disinterested exercise of all the social charities of our nature, he dignified his being with almost all the perfection

perfection of which it is susceptible ; since, to do good as if from a natural impulse, and without any regard to self advantage, is to come as near the Deity as can be expected in our frail state ; for so does God himself. The little crosses, and misfortunes of life, which merely concerned Mrs. Pawlet, never disturbed the equability of his temper, for, to use the language of Spenser,

He gently took all that ungently came.

In Penelope he beheld every thing that was lovely, every thing that could engage the mind, and win the heart. The constant companion of the parson in all his benevolent excursions, she was the beautiful handmaid of charity :—mild, but not spiritless ; gay, but not unfeeling ; beautiful, but unaffected ; endowed with a thousand graces of mind and body, but unconscious of possessing them, Pene-

lope was even loved by her own sex, whose envy soon lost itself in their admiration and esteem.

In Mrs. Pawlet he saw nothing that did not excite his pity, although he was often irresistibly compelled to smile at the strange follies her mistaken education led her to commit. By her fall she received a few bruises of no consequence, and she would soon have recovered every ill effect of the accident, if she had not had recourse to her medical knowledge, and clearly proved herself to be no physician, by physicing herself with inward and outward applications, which, for some time, made her really and truly as sick as she had thought herself. Her whims were infinite. Whatever she read about, however absurd, or unnecessary, she would instantly put in practice. Shortly after this affair, she saw, in some treatise on optics, that the eyes were preserved by glasses; and instantly
pretending

pretending that she could not see without, ordered several pairs of spectacles, which she wore for a long while—then she would smoke, because some of the learned are partial to a pipe, and whenever she was caught in a shower, she would never run, because, she said, it was inimical to the dignity of the creature; and one day the servant being sent to call her out of the garden to dinner, returned in great consternation, saying, “ he believed she was either in a fit, or dead, for that she was lying all along upon her back, without motion.” They ran out, greatly alarmed, and found her in the same situation the servant had left her, from which she begged not to be disturbed, as she was taking the height of an elm tree. “ You see that stick standing in the ground, at my feet,” said she; “ well, when my eye, as I lie on my back, is, as it is at this moment, in a line with the head of the

stick and the top of the tree, then from the stick to the base of the elm is just its height. Let's see," continued she, rising and measuring the distance with a rule. " Ah, forty-three feet, twelve inches, and a half !"

" Bless me !" cried the parson, " do come to dinner, for heaven's sake !"

To repeat all her vagaries would be endless. It will be sufficient to say, that she was every day what the reader has hitherto found her. Though the Polyglott went on but slowly, yet Mrs. Pawlèt was very well pleased with our hero, whose modesty and silence before her, unless when an opportunity offered to distinguish himself, gave her the highest opinion of his wisdom and learning.

During the time the old lady was physicing herself, Barclay had more liberty, and being now on familiar terms with Penelope, he was almost constantly with her, under pretence of instructing her
in

in the art of drawing ; and the merchant, stealing from home, would now often come to the parsonage to enjoy our hero's company, and, in the course of the evening, play a rubber at whist. Frequently Barclay and Penelope were *partners*—happy partners ! With them there was no complaining of “ you play'd that card badly,” or “ you ought to have done this,” or “ you ought to have done that ;” they were content to lose or win, so they lost or won together ! The merchant on these occasions being free from his family, shook off much of the gloom and melancholy that hung about him, owing to ennui, arising from a want of pleasurable resources within himself. His conversations with Barclay were of a serious nature, and, though they were consoling to him, would not be entertaining to readers of such works as the present ; therefore I shall not relate them.

Our hero, if he had possessed no other,

L 4

would

would have had a great advantage over his friend Keppel, by living continually with Penelope. In love there are many things that are very agreeable to women (which I believe nobody will dispute); but I think I may confidently assert, that *attention* is more grateful to them than any thing else. It is this wins their love. It is this preserves it. Does a married woman complain of her husband, all her complaints are comprised in his want of attention. Do you see a beautiful woman wedded to a very ordinary man, or one preferring a plain man to a Narcissus, rely upon it that attention has prevailed. The “’vantage ground” that it gave Barclay over Von Hein may then be easily imagined. He was, however, both happy and unhappy. Happy in the company of Penelope, because he thought he saw that she loved him; and unhappy when his mind dwelt on his friend, because, at best, he felt himself

self obliged to act an ungrateful part. Deceiving himself, however, with his hopes, he yielded himself up to the enjoyment of the present. This was wisdom; few are wise enough to enjoy the present, but looking forward in imagination to future pleasures, neglect those within their reach for such as time will never realize.

In their drawings, Penelope and Barclay would sometimes indulge in harmless caricatures; such as depicting an English woman in the extreme of the fashion, and by her side a Chinese in the gayest costume of her country. They would then entertain each other by their doubts which was the most preposterous, or ridiculous, concluding that, at any rate, the one was as laughable an object for the Chinese, as the Chinese was for the other. In all his conversations with Penelope, except now and then on the subject of love, when it may be dispensed with, Barclay constantly addressed

himself to her understanding. Indeed it was his opinion, and I think it just, that a man in courting a woman should not always talk frivolously to her, for, if she has any sense, she must conceive it an insult;—on the contrary, to talk rationally to a female, in some degree argues sense in her, and is consequently a compliment. They were now upon such intimate terms, that they would occasionally have their little momentary quarrels. Penelope was full of spirits and vivacity, which would sometimes cross Barclay in his tender fits, and cause him to accuse her of cruelty.

“But,” he would say, “so it is throughout nature. The sweetest things are not without their obdurate qualities—even honey, we are told, contains iron*; and thus I account for the least sign of cruelty in Penelope.”

* “M. LEMERY discovered that honey, in virtue of its vegetable nature, contains iron.”

At

At this period nothing interrupted Barclay's felicity but Keppel's letters, and the task of answering them. One day, when they had finished drawing, Barclay said he was going to write to his friend, and begged, with an inquiring look, to know what he should say from Penelope.

"From me?" said she, hesitating.

"Yes," replied Barclay; "I have constantly read you Keppel's kind remembrances, and you never tell me any thing to say in return!"

"Oh!" cried she, recovering herself, "Mr. Pawlet does that for me!"

"But, as my friend requests it," continued Barclay, "why should not I be honoured, sometimes, with what you have to tell him?"

"And do you really wish," said Penelope, looking archly at him; "do you really wish me to tell you some kind thing to write to Mr. Von Hein?"

Barclay looked at her, but made no other reply.

“ Ay, well you may be dumb,” she cried ; “ for ’tis all your fault, that poor Mr. Von Hein is to have nothing kind said to him.”

“ My fault !” exclaimed Barclay.

“ Yes, your fault,” she repeated, smiling. “ Do you not tell me that he desired you to intercede for him, and to guard my heart until he comes ? A pretty watchman you are, truly, to steal the fruit you were appointed to protect !”

“ Lovely girl !” cried Barclay, seizing her hand, and pressing it to his lips ; “ I have not stolen your heart, but exchanged mine for it.”

“ Well, then,” said she, drawing her hand away, and running to the door, “ since you acknowledge you have got my heart, I leave you to consult it about what you are to write to your friend.—If it is as true a heart as it was when I had it, it will not tell you a falsehood.”

With

With this she left the room.

“ Happy, miserable man, that I am !”
exclaimed Barclay. Penelope ! Keppel !
oh ! that love and friendship should,
like bitterest enemies, conspire against
my happiness ! To have found such a
woman, and such a man ; such true love,
and such unfeigned friendship ; and yet
find in them the cause of misery, is
grievous, is calamitous, indeed !”

C H A P. XIV.

*How men judge erroneously of themselves.—
 A list of false judgments.—Universities.—
 Honesty and cleanliness in public.—An
 expedition.—Barclay like Anacreon's dove.
 —His commission disclosed to him.—A
 scene that terribly offends the reader.—
 The author has much trouble to get her
 to read on.—A journey according to na-
 ture. — An odd conversation between
 Barclay and Mr. Addlehead's servant.—
 The success of his deputation.*

THE world is too apt to judge by the rule of contrary, and hence we have so many mistakes in the opinions men form of themselves.

Because

Because ARISTOTLE * tells us, that a man of a great soul is a free speaker, every impudent demagogue thinks himself a man of great soul ;—again, because men of genius are remarkable for their idleness and imprudence, every idle, imprudent fellow believes that he is a man of genius ;—again, because it is the part of a patriot to exert himself for the advantage, honour, and glory of his country, each unprincipled, designing scoundrel, who is perpetually meddling with politics, and taxing ministers, whether justly or unjustly, with the ruin and destruction of the country, calls himself a patriot ;—again, because religion assumes an air of sanctity, every one who puts on a sanctified appearance, esteems himself religious ;—again, because poets write verses, every man who writes verses thinks he is a poet ;—again, because

* ὁ μέγαλο ψυχῶς παρησιαστικός.

authors of great talent have been neglected, each scribbler, who is with justice neglected, believes that he is an author of great talent;—again, because our universities have produced some dignified and learned men, every silly coxcomb who can say he is of Cambridge, or Oxford *, esteems himself a learned and dignified person;—again, because adultery and duelling are, by some, reckoned the actions of gallant and brave men, the villain who debauches his friend's wife, and afterward,

* In a former work I had occasion to censure some absurdities in these two seats of learning; but I have since read KNOX on liberal education, who has not scrupled to accuse them of every thing that is preposterous in folly, vice, profligacy, and ignorance;—and, I am sorry to add, that he proves all he advances. Every tender and affectionate parent, who values the morals, religion, and mental improvement of his son, will do well, before he trusts him to wander alone in the groves of Academus, to peruse carefully what AMHURST, Dr. NEWTON, and Mr. KNOX, have written on the subject.

by

by the way of satisfaction, cuts his throat, holds himself to be a gallant and brave man ;—again, because honest men will complain of the villany of the world, every knave, who complains of it, considers himself an honest man. I must here say a word of honesty. CICERO * observes, that if you are not stimulated by honesty itself to be good men, but by interest, or gain, you are knaves, and not good men—for what will he not do in the dark, who fears nothing but a witness !

In truth, I think little of the honesty or cleanliness of that man who does not practise them as much in private as in public. He who dresses himself very neatly to go into company, and whenever he remains at home, is careless of his dress, to dirtiness, is, in my opinion, cleanly only for the sake of form, and

* 1 De leg.

by disposition a sloven.—So of honesty. I fear too, that they are not few who would privately act like rascals, and poltroons, to appear publicly as honourable and brave men. And I know there are authors who will descend to the most servile degradation, and the most contemptible meannesses, in secret, to obtain a breath that shall trumpet them forth to the world as *men of noble and exalted minds*. But, to return—to terminate what has no end, namely, the false judgments we form of ourselves, I shall come to Mrs. Pawlet, who, because learned men are full of their follies and eccentricities, thought, by indulging in them also, she might claim a right to be ranked amongst the truly learned. With these principles in her mind, she was, as I have said, full of never-ceasing freaks and caprices. Our hero had not been more than three weeks at the parsonage, when one night, after supper, as they

they were sitting very comfortably round the table, Mrs. Pawlet suddenly exclaimed,

“ That’s well thought of ! This is the time, and you must go, Mr. Temple. My friend told me that if he did not transmit them to me, I must send for them. He has not transmitted them ; *ergo*, I must send for them.”

Barclay did not comprehend her meaning, but he nevertheless inclined his head, in token of assent, for he was resolved to do nothing to displease her.

“ Where are you going to send Mr. Temple, my dear ?” inquired the parson.

“ To———” she replied.

“ My dear,” cried he, “ that’s above ninety miles off, across the country. Indeed I think you had better let Peter go.”

“ Indeed, I think you had better leave my affairs to my own management !” said Mrs. Pawlet, warmly. “ Mr. Temple does not object to it, and why should you ? I will trust nobody but him. If
he

he does not choose to go, I will go myself."

The parson was silent.

Our hero now signified that he could have no objection to comply with any wish of Mrs. Pawlet's. Wherever she desired to send him, he was ready to go.

Mrs. Pawlet appeared highly pleased with his obedience, and told him that she should give him further instructions in the morning, as she expected him to depart next day.

"It being across the country," continued she, "I shall advise you, to prevent delay, to take a chaise. You need not be absent more than three days."

At the words "three days," Barclay and Penelope, as if moved by one impulse, fixed their eyes on each other, with a look that, at the same moment, seemed to say, "What, shall I not see you for three whole days!"

"There was a time," cried Barclay,
when

when he had retired to his room ; “ there was a time when I should have spurned at this servile employment, but if OM-PHALE could bring HERCULES to the distaff, where is the wonder that Penelope, to whom the Lydian queen was poor in charms, should make me, in every thing, obedient to her will ? To her will, I say ; because, however it may appear to others, I am not Mrs. Pawlet’s slave, but my Penelope’s ! Rosy fetters ! Slavery more sweet than liberty ! Like ANACREON’s dove am I :

She may free me, if *he* will,
Yet I’ll stay and serve *her* still * !”

Next morning, after breakfast, Barclay was closeted with Mrs. Pawlet, when he was informed of the important business he was to be dispatched on. She

* Fawkes. Anacreon, v. 19, 20. od. ix.

first pointed out the route he was to take, on the map, and then presented him with a letter. "Now," said she, "I will tell you what you are going for. The gentleman to whom this letter is addressed is a great biblical scholar, and friend of mine, who has promised me some remarks on the Prophets. I am very anxious about them, and beg you will use the utmost care in bringing them safe home."

Barclay was then dismissed to prepare for his departure. Having packed up such things as were necessary, and given them to the servant to take to the chaise, he went down stairs, and, entering the parlour, saw Penelope alone, standing with her face towards the window. "Penelope!" said he, in a soft voice, "must we part?"

Receiving no answer, he went up to the window, and leaning forward, saw that she was weeping.

"What

"What is this!" he cried; "whence these tears!"

"'Tis foolish to cry, isn't it?" said she, affecting to smile; "but I can't help it."

"What has happened, Penelope!" he exclaimed; "indeed I cannot leave you thus!"

"Then you must never leave me at all," said she, "for I shall always weep when you do."

Barclay was sitting in the window-seat, holding Penelope by the hand when she uttered this speech. He was no longer master of his actions, but rising hastily, he caught her in his arms, and clasping her to his heart, muttered, while he imprinted a thousand kisses on her neck, "Dearest, loveliest of women, we will never part!"

READER. "Hey day!"

AUTHOR. "Hold your tongue, ma'am, and let me go on."

Penelope

Penelope replied, in a tone scarcely articulate, " Ah, Barclay, do not ! ah, never deceive me !"

READER. " Well, fir, but did they continue in the same posture still ?"

AUTHOR. " Yes, ma'am ! don't be envious !"

Barclay made no reply, but by pressing his lips to hers, and thus, almost by suffocation, proving the warmth of his affection, and the sincerity of his heart.

READER. " I'll not read a word more."

AUTHOR. " Nay, ma'am.

READER. " I won't. You're a bad man, and I'll read no more."

AUTHOR. " I am sorry you should be offended by a kiss."

READER. " I am not. I never was in my life. But such kissing is abominable."

AUTHOR. " I assure you, ma'am, that there may be great innocence in kissing. There may be, indeed, al-

though your feelings do not acknowledge the truth of it. Barclay and Penelope experienced nothing but the most pure and exalted sensations in all they did."

READER. " Well, well; you must own, however, that appearances were suspicious !"

AUTHOR. " Certainly, madam, to a lady of *your delicate mind* !"

At this crisis of the tenderest sympathy of unaffected love, they were interrupted; but the parson, whose little dog, preceding him, just afforded sufficient notice of his approach to prevent an eclairsissement, that would have given great uneasiness to the worthy rector.

" I am ashamed," said he, seeing Barclay; " I am really sorry, and ashamed, Mr. Temple, that my dear should give you so much unnecessary trouble. To send you such a distance ! But what can be done ?"

“Don’t mention it, my dear fir,” cried Barclay, “I shall soon accomplish it, and I dare say it will not happen again.”

“You are very good,” said the parson, taking him kindly by the hand; “you are very good—Is not he, Pen?”

Here he turned to Penelope, who had not time to answer before Mrs. Pawlet came in, and after giving Barclay a short, unnecessary, lecture, dismissed him to proceed on his journey; which he now almost loved for the effect it had produced.

Some readers are very much displeased if the hero of a story stirs an inch without some surprising adventure; and yet these very people complain of authors being unnatural. To please them both ways is not very practicable, I allow, but to do so on the score of nature will, I think, in the instance before us, be exceedingly easy. I take it that, in England, nothing in the world can be
more

more *natural* than a man, whether a hero or not, to travel in a good post-chaise for ninety miles, without the most trifling accident, or unexpected occurrence; and so did Barclay, arriving at his journey's end late in the evening of the same day.

Being then unable to perform his business, he supped, and went to bed, resolved to do it early in the morning, flattering himself that he might reach the parsonage again by the close of the next day. In this pleasing hope, and in fond dreams of unutterable joys, arising from the impression made on his senses by what had happened to him before his departure, he passed a most agreeable night.

Breakfast being over, Barclay sallied forth from the inn, in search of the abode of Mr. Addlehead, the name of the gentleman to whom Mrs. Pawlet's epistle was addressed. He was presently directed to a large mansion, the best in

the town, which, as he approached, he perceived to be shut up, as if the family had left it. However, not doubting but that he should get some information from a remaining servant, the house-keeper, or some one, he knocked at the door, which was speedily opened by a clownish looking fellow, booted and spurred, with his long, lanky, hair hanging, like mournful cypress, on each side of his fallow, sanctified, face. Barclay could scarcely refrain from smiling at his appearance.

“ Is your master at home ?” he inquired.

“ Who be he, fir ?” said the man.

“ Is not this Mr. Addlehead’s ?” Barclay rejoined.

“ Yes, fir, yes ;” replied the other.

“ Well, then, whether he is your master or not, is he at home ?”

“ Which do you call home ?” said the man.

“ Why,

" Why, what the deuce are you at !" cried Barclay, " is he in this house ?"

" Yes, he be !" he replied.

" Well, then, can I see him ?"

" Na, you main't."

" Well, but can I see any of the rest of the family ?" said our hero.

" Na," replied the man, " they be all gone except I."

" What is the reason I cannot see Mr. Addlehead ?"

" I munna tell—but you main't !"

" Well, what shall I do then ?" said Barclay ; " I have a letter, here, which I wish him to have."

" Gi it to me, then," replied the man ; " and when I sees him, I'll gi it to him !"

" Well, there it is—but the answer," cried Barclay.

" Come towards evening, or so," said he, " and I'll see what I can do for ye. If we be gone," (looking at his boots)

" I'll leave answer for ye in the hall here." Saying this, he waited for no reply, but shut the door in Barclay's face, leaving him in great doubt how to proceed, or what to think of his reception.

The delay gave him the most inquietude. However, he waited till the evening, and then called again. His old friend, equipt in the same manner as before, received him as he had done in the morning, but with more brevity, for, saying,

" I hanna seen him—you must coam again !" he closed the door, and retired.

Not liking to set off without accomplishing the purport of his journey, and in constant expectation of doing so, Barclay danced attendance on Mr. Addlehead for two whole days, without obtaining any other satisfaction than the gentleman in boots and spurs (for so he always appeared) had given him at first.

He

He had now been three days absent from the parsonage, and was so restless, and unhappy, that he resolved to call there but once more ; and, if he failed, then to return home, without Mr. Addlehead's remarks on the Prophets, whatever might be the consequence.

Early on the fourth morning he knocked at the door for the fourteenth time. It was opened, and the man, with remarkable politeness (for he had never shewn any before), begged he would walk into the parlour. Barclay willingly obeyed, and entered a very handsome room, the beauty of which, however, was scarcely visible, only half of one of the shutters being unclosed ; still he could see that it was elegant, and was much surprised to perceive, in such a place, a variety of trunks, and packages, all prepared for removal.

“ Sit ye down, sit ye down,” said the man, shewing him the example by placing

himself on one of the trunks; "here be your parcel—I ha gotten it for ye with a main deal of trouble, I can tell ye."

"What," said Barclay, "am I not to see Mr. Addlehead then?"

"Na, he munna be seen by nobody never no more."

"How so, my friend," inquired Barclay; "what is the reason?"

"Well, cum, I'll tell ye," replied the man; "I fees you belongs to somebody who's friendly towards him, and I'll tell ye. He bain't no longer my master now, nor this bain't our hoam. Our hoam be in another place where there be no masters. To tell ye the long and short of it, he and I expects, every moment, to set off for Jerusalem. You see I be all ready, and ha gotten things pretty rightish together. I doan't kna what he'd do when he com'd there, if it wern't for I; for ever sin he ha made the prophecy, as he calls it, he ha fotten in a
dark

dark room, with his chin upon his hands, without making no preparations whatcumdever."

Barclay made no answer, but stared at the fellow with amazement.

"Well, there be your parcel," he continued; "when he gi'd it tho'f, he bid me say as how it would be of no use, for the world would be at an end in the course of thic week, and all the prophecies out, and over. There, cum, goo—I canna stay longer with ye, for I expects to start every minute."

Here he led Barclay to the door, and pushing him out, left him with Mr. Addlehead's remarks on the Prophets in his hand, almost doubting the existence of the strange infatuation he had witnessed. "Oh, Mrs. Pawlet!" he exclaimed, as it were involuntarily, "why, why were you not Mrs. Addlehead?"

C H A P. XVI.

*An unexpected meeting.—A barber's shop.—
 An explanation.—A stranger.—A child.—
 Where pity lies buried.—A chance of
 going to heaven.—The effect of grief.—
 The author's sentiment with respect to
 children.—Mathematical beauty.—John
 Clarke's censure on some books not applica-
 ble to the present.*

“CAN I believe my eyes?” exclaimed Barclay. “Surely it cannot be!” What think you that he saw? By the mass you cannot tell. Well, “Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating;”

ing; and when you are asked this question * next, say" GREGORY.

Having left the chaise at the inn on entering the village, about six in the evening, he was proceeding with Mr. Addlehead's remarks on the Prophets towards the parsonage, his heart beating with joyful expectation that almost put wings to his feet, when his attention was suddenly arrested by the appearance of Gregory, who was sitting, smoaking his pipe, at the door of a barber's shop. Barclay was on the opposite side of the way, and had scarcely uttered the above exclamation, before Gregory espied him, and, throwing down his pipe, ran over to meet him. Gregory was so overjoyed to see his old master, that he could not say a word, and Barclay was dumb with surprise, and from not knowing whether he ought to be angry or pleased. However, prompted by a secret feeling,

* Grave-digger in Hamlet.

he could not help putting forth his hand, which intirely overpowered Gregory, who seized and blubbered over it like a child.

Barclay was not insensible to the strong expressions of affection that burst from Gregory, and rendered him perfectly speechless. But being unable to satisfy himself about his appearance, and wishing to have that matter cleared up, he made a motion to quit the public way, and entered the barber's shop. The moment he was in, Gregory, who followed him close behind, ran to an old fashioned, but comfortable, arm-chair that was in the corner of the room, and, dusting it with great care, lifted it forward for Barclay to sit on. Barclay could not comprehend all he beheld ; but seeing, with pleasure, that they were alone, he at length began, while Gregory stood respectfully by him ;

“ How came you here, Gregory ?” said he.

“ I beg

"I beg pardon, sir," he replied, "and I trust you will forgive me for all I have done, when you hear me out."

"Well, let me hear.—Tell me what business you have in this shop."

"Business!" cried Gregory, looking round the place with an air of authority; "what business has a man any where else, but where his shop is?"

"*Your* shop!" exclaimed Barclay.

"Yes, sir," he replied, "and I hope you'll excuse me for taking it; but I did so that I might be no burthen to you. I never shall, sir, indeed—If you will be so kind as to let me stay, and see you sometimes, and know that you are well, and in want of nothing."

Barclay felt his kindness——In a few moments he said, "But, where is Von Hein? Did you come with his consent? And where is the old man who lived in this shop when I went away?—Tell me the truth."

"As

“ As I live, I will !” replied Gregory.
 “ When I deceive you, Master Temple, cast me from you for ever. It will kill me, but I shall deserve it. I had long been plaguing Mr. Von Hein to let me come to you. He always told me it was impossible. At last, however, I got leave, by teasing him, to come down to see you, and if I could not manage to stay, with your permission, I promised to go back, and so I will, if you insist upon it. But I hope you won’t—will you, sir ?”

Barclay made no reply ; but Gregory, encouraged by his look, proceeded thus :

“ That I have told you the truth this letter will prove.”

Here he presented a letter from Von Hein, which confirmed his account. He then continued :

“ I came down on the outside of the coach, and arrived here the very day you set out. The first thing I did was to inquire

inquire for you, and knowing, from experience, that a barber's shop is the best place for information, I called here, and, as an introduction, let Williams, the old man, who lived here then, shave me. Did he ever shave you, sir?"

"Yes," said Barclay.

"Without vanity——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Barclay, "you shave better than he does. But go on with your account."

Gregory bowed, and, pleased to have his merit acknowledged, went on:

"After he had shaved me," said he, "as he called it, though he had left a fine crop of stubbles, I entered into talk with him, and soon learnt that you were absent. I then told him that I had once been in his trade. The consequence of which was, that we were soon seated, with our pipes in our mouths, and a pot of ale before us. Now we began to be great friends, and hinting at his age, and that

I thought it time for him to leave off business, he told me that he should have no objection, if any one would buy all his stock in trade. I was delighted at hearing this, and we quickly came to terms. After going so far, I inquired the way to the parsonage; and waiting on the Rev. Mr. Pawlet, told him that I had been your father's servant, and that I had a letter for you from your friend. Blessings on him! The moment I mentioned your name, and said that I was Gregory, he treated me more like a brother, than a servant and a stranger. He introduced me to all the family. The old lady looked a little queer at me; however, she said something about Grecian hospitality, which I did not understand, and she desired that I might be taken care of. But the young lady, the sweetest, beautifullest angel I ever saw, or expect to see—she was even more kind to me than Mr. Pawlet. We were
left

left alone for five minutes, and how we did talk of you—the time was gone in a moment! She pressed me to take her purse, lest I should want any thing before you returned. I refused it, because I had money; but I was sorry I did so, for it seemed to make her unhappy. “Oh, she is the dearest, loveliest creature on the face of the earth!”

“Why you appear to be in love with her, Gregory!” said Barclay.

“In love with her!” he cried, “I love the ground she walks upon. Don’t you love her, sir?”

Barclay smiled, and said, “Go—go on with your story.”

“Well, sir,” continued he, “Mr. Pawlet wanted me to sleep and live in his house; but I told him the scheme I was upon, and he no sooner heard that, than he let off with me to old Williams—settled every thing for me—gave me his custom. I shave him, and carry home his wig,

wig, every morning. I mounted a new pole at the door—he recommended me to all the parishioners, and I was appointed barber-general. Since then I have, by his desire, spent every evening at the parsonage, in the kitchen, where I have experienced nothing but kindness. My happiness is now complete ; but, if you do not choose that it should continue, you have only to say the word, and, let what will happen, I'll not disobey you."

Barclay remained silent for some time, taking the circumstances in every point of view. He knew Gregory's honesty, and felt a joy at having some one to whom he could confide the secrets of his heart. Seeing, therefore, as matters stood, no kind of objection to letting him stay, he at last made Gregory happy, by telling him that he might, if he pleased, remain where he was.

" But," added he, " I shall expect good conduct from you. If you give
loose

loose to your passions, you will disgrace both me and yourself."

" Indeed, sir, I won't," cried Gregory; " I won't, indeed ! But you must know that I have made a little bit of a connexion already, since I have been here."

" Ay !" said Barclay.

" Yes, sir," continued he, " Miss Penelope's maid, Nance. She and I are very good friends, and I hope you won't be against our courting a little. I promise, faithfully, that things shall go no further."

" I take your word," replied Barclay, in a serious tone; " if you break it, we separate for ever. At the parsonage we have both received the greatest favours, and it would be the darkest ingratitude to dishonour any one within its walls—I should not forgive myself for doing it, and I will not forgive you ! Stay here," added he, mildly, " and I will often come
and

and visit you. At first I did not know what to make of your appearance ; but, now that every thing is explained, I must confess, Gregory, that I am glad to see you."

Here he took him by the hand, and, after joking a little about the shop, left Gregory in a state of happiness almost bordering on frenzy.

It was nearly eight o'clock before Barclay reached the parsonage. The instant Mrs. Pawlet beheld him at the gate, she rushed out, and, before he could say a word to any one, led him away to the library, where they were closeted for an hour. At length, having satisfied Mrs. Pawlet, he was permitted to descend to the parlour, where he was received with a hearty shake of the hand by the parson, and by Penelope with looks that very plainly discovered how pleased she was at his return.

" Mrs. Buckle," said the parson to Barclay,

Barclay, moving his hand toward a lady who was sitting with them--“ Cousin, give me leave to introduce you to Mr. Temple !”

This ceremony being over, they soon began to talk of Gregory.

“ Poor fellow,” said the parson, “ we have done what we could for him.”

“ He’s a worthy creature,” cried Penelope.

“ I am much indebted to you both,” replied Barclay, “ for your attention to him. He will never forget it, nor shall I.”

“ Oh, say nothing about it !” exclaimed the parson ; but let us hear what detained you, and what adventures you met with in your journey.”

Barclay now recounted all that had happened, to the surprise and entertainment of the company. Mrs. Buckle put some questions, and seemed to enjoy the story ; but there was in her mirth,
still,

still, evident marks of depression of spirits, contending with an inclination to sociability and good humour. In figure Mrs. Buckle was diminutive, but elegant, and of the most amiable and engaging manners. The melancholy that continually sat upon her brow, and mingled itself with all her actions, made her in the highest degree interesting to every feeling mind. Barclay felt himself much affected by her appearance, and wished, anxiously, to know what was the cause of a gloom which seemed so little congenial with her nature. This wish was gratified, but not till the following day.

After dinner, a fine little boy, in petticoats, was ushered into the room, whom Barclay presently perceived to be Mrs. Buckle's son. He ran to his mother, who caught him up in her arms with all a parent's fondness, and, as she almost devoured him with kisses, the remembrance of some past event came
across

across her mind, and the tears trickled down her cheeks upon the infant. "*Pyle is dede,*" says Chaucer, "*and buried in gentyle hertes.*"—Such were the parson's and Penelope's, and they never saw this without sympathy. No one, indeed, could behold it without a painful feeling;—that is, no one but Mrs. Pawlet, who, like many other abstruse students, looked upon all the frailties of our nature, and the emotions of the heart, with contempt. She had learned not to feel! If the reader envies her, he may—no matter—I would not give the fiftieth part of a quarter of a devil for such a fellow. But, perhaps, he may still go to heaven, for, "*not to speak prophanely,*" I should think even the devil himself would have nothing to do with him.

"Don't give way to grief," said Mrs. Pawlet, "you don't know the consequence. You will never recover your
beauty

beauty by that means, for it is well known that grief ‘ produces paleness of the skin, and œdematous complaints, and scirrhus of the glandular parts.’

“ My dear,” cried the parson, “ don’t talk so to her—pray, don’t !”

The little boy now went round the table, prattling to every one, as little boys will when they are introduced by their parents ; a custom which many people decry, and, amongst others, married folks themselves, who never fail to have their own in, whenever they have company at home. For my part, I have no objection to children, so that they keep their noses clean, their mouths shut, and belong to other people.

“ A fine boy, indeed,” said Barclay, playing with him as he sat on Penelope’s knee.

“ Yes, Mr. Témple,” replied Mrs. Pawlet, “ the child is handsome, I own ;
but

but how could he be otherwise? The father and mother were so, and therefore he is so, mathematically."

"Mathematically?" repeated Barclay.

"Yes," said she, "as thus—If one cubic number multiplied by another cubic number produces a third cubic number, why should not the multiplication of two beautiful animals produce a third beautiful animal?"

Barclay could say nothing to this; he therefore bowed, and Mrs. Pawlet and Penelope rising, withdrew, taking the boy with them. They were no sooner gone, and the parson and Barclay had drunk *The Ladies* in a bumper, than the former, unasked, began to relate the cause of Mrs. Buckle's melancholy, of which an admirable report is preserved in the next volume. I never keep my reader in the dark, but am always enlightening him; therefore my book

VOL. II. N does.

does not come under JOHN CLARKE'S
censure on some works, which he says
are " fit only for the fire to warm,
since they can't enlighten us."

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